

The Critic

NUMBER 571
VOLUME XIX } THIRTEENTH YEAR

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1893.

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The Critic

Published Weekly, at 52 Lafayette Place, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1893.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* Office, 52 Lafayette Place. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in New York. Boston: Dammell & Upham (Old Corner Bookstore). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. Denver, Col.: C. Smith & Son. London: B. F. Stevens & Trafalgar Square. Paris: Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

Literature

Buddhism in Ceylon

Buddhism, Primitive and Present, in Magadha and in Ceylon. By Reginald Stephen Copleston D.D. \$5. Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS HANDSOME OCTAVO is from the pen of the President of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, who is also Bishop of Colombo. The scope of the work is limited to the history and description of that particular stock or branch of Buddhism which has been established and continued in Ceylon. The reader is invited at the outset to a conclusion midway between scepticism and credulity. With a mental conservatism, natural and appropriate in an ecclesiastic, but with the courage and scrutiny of a scholar, the author has a strong predilection towards the acceptance of ancient records. Nevertheless, he doubts whether we have any evidence which can be called historical before B.C. 260. The figure of Asoka, which looms up so powerfully before the average writer, especially the admiring writer on Buddhism, is much smaller in the author's critical eye. Still, he sees no reason to doubt that the literature which has come down to us contains the material which was nearly, or quite, contemporary with Gautama. In short, he believes that the Ceylonese literature of Buddhism is, in its main features, true. In other words, then (the words are ours, not his), the Bishop of Colombo believes concerning the records of Buddhism in Ceylon substantially what Biblical critics of the sanest and most trustworthy sort believe concerning the records which tell of Jesus.

With a style that is both beautiful and simple, the author traces the relation of Ceylonese Buddhism to the original stock, and then gives a general historical sketch which is of great interest. He also treats of Buddhism in Magadha, of the Buddhist moral system in general, and of the ideal of Buddhism. The qualities most charming to the Indian mind are gentleness and calm, which unite to form the ideal of the Buddhist moralist. In their degenerate form these pass into apathy. There are passages of the Pitakas which recommend what is hardly better than that, but the general tone is nearer to the ideal, and recommends a gentleness that rises into positive love, and a calm which is based upon strength and resolution. The picture given to us of Gautama represents a character, not only calm and gentle, but active, genial, not devoid of humor, deeply sympathetic and intensely human. In the general tenor of the books, however, we miss the humor, and much of the sympathy and geniality; but we are, for the most part, in the presence of an ideal which is human and energetic. The tones in which we are addressed are earnest, even when they are most tedious, for earnestness is a strong element of the Buddhist ideal. The dark side of Buddhism in the Ceylonese writings, as well, indeed, as in others, is shown in the intense sense of the weariness of life, and of the phenomena of life. The idea of an endless succession of lives through which an individual is passing occupies a prominent place in Buddhist thought. The disciple is encouraged to dwell upon this idea until the mere sense of weariness of contemplating so interminable a series arouses his disgust. It is not the idea of retribution by the transmigration of a greedy man into a hog or an ant, nor even that of variety, in one being passing through many forms; but it is the idea of weary interminableness,

which is the ruling aspect of transmigration in Buddhist thought.

Some of the illustrations culled from the Buddhist's texts are, to the Occidental mind, amusing enough. For example, if a piece of clay the size of a jujube seed were taken to represent your father, another one your grandfather, and so on, the whole earth would be used up before the series was exhausted. The tears each man has shed over his fathers amounts to more water than all the oceans. Every one has been every one's father, mother, son, etc. Certain ascetics were told that the blood they had shed when slaughtered as oxen, goats, dogs, birds, etc., or when having their own hands cut off as thieves exceeded all the waters of all the seas. "The bones of one individual, in the course of an age (Kalpa), make a great mountain," and so on through a good many ends of a good many chapters. Hence the desire to get free from the weary round, both of external objects, and even of those internal acts of consciousness with which the tedious rotation of birth and death is associated. The detailed criticism which this Christian Bishop and scholar makes of the Ceylonese writings is quite equal in thoroughness, and, we must say, honesty to those of the first Biblical or higher critics of our time when handling the Hebrew and Christian records, and we can heartily recommend this book as a candid and judicious appraisal of a most interesting subject.

After the literary criticism comes the story of the Buddhist communities in Ceylon at the present time, embracing both Magadha and Ceylon, the final chapter being a most interesting picture of the modern monastic life and of the Buddhism now taught in Ceylon. This has all the merit of coming from one who is in daily contact with and has been an almost life-long observer of the phenomena which he describes. Hence it is worth more than a cartload of books by the globe-trotter or Cook's tourist. There are two indexes, one Oriental, and one general.

Allston's "Life and Letters"

The Life and Letters of Washington Allston. By J. B. Flagg, N.A. With Reproductions from Allston's Pictures. \$5. Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN 1844 MRS. JAMESON wrote of Allston:—"About two years before his death there was an exhibition of his works in Boston, an exhibition which, in the amount of excellence, might well be compared to the room full of Sir Joshua at the Institution last year. Those who have not seen many of Allston's pictures will hardly believe this; those who have will admit the justice of the comparison—will remember those of his creations in which he combined the richest tones of color with the utmost delicacy and depth of expression, and added to these merits a softness and finish of execution and correctness of drawing—particularly in the extremities—which Sir Joshua never attained, nor, perhaps, attempted. * * * As Allston's works were in accordance with his mind, so, to complete the beautiful harmony of the man's whole being, were his countenance, person and deportment in accordance with both."

It is in enthusiastic words like these that one of the most celebrated art-critics of the time described the American Raphael, a man whose charming creations hang neglected in English and American galleries, the intimate friend of Coleridge and Wordsworth, the brother-in-law of Channing, the delicate and brilliant artist who was born without an atom of gall in his constitution and delighted in dispensing the honey of his sympathetic and well-chosen praise to his young contemporaries.

Nearly every great man makes in mid-career some irreparable mistake or takes some irretraceable step from which dates his gradual dissolution or his instant downfall. All start out for an ideal Damascus, far-away on the edge of the spiritual horizon, when suddenly some untoward event—it may be a heavenly vision, a sword blazing over the portals of Paradise, the edge of some great stress or sorrow entering the soul, or the treacherous beauty of some surpassing Calypso's isle—arrests the eager traveller and turns him aside to perish

on the idle seas, or sink in enervating reverie nevermore to rise to the height of his former self. There is not often in artistic careers the steady climb that lifts a Sanzio to the summit of a Transfiguration or a Buonarroti to the empyrean of St. Peter's dome, or a Claude into the mellow distances of matchless landscape. A perusal of Mr. Flagg's highly interesting biography of the great South Carolinian artist Allston brings out almost painfully this fact—the huge mistake made by him just at the middle of a remarkable career, like the sudden snap of the steel shaft of a great ocean steamer going at the top of her speed.

Allston was born in Charleston in 1779 and died at Cambridgeport, Mass., in 1843. Fine strains of Irish, English, French, and perhaps Norse blood (for his ancestors were from the Norse settlements in Northumbria) ran and mingled in his veins, explaining the rich imagination, the poetic vehemence, the sensitive yet sober grandeur of his scriptural nature. Of him might be said what Mrs. Browning pictured of another:—

Such poems * * *
As Pindar might have writ if he
Had tended sheep in Arcady,

grew steadily and beautifully from his easel, one after another, from the first awkward miniature which he painted at sixteen to the grand Belshazzar left unfinished in his studio, "the nightmare, the incubus, the tormentor of his life—his unfinished picture," as Mr. R. H. Dana, his friend and intended biographer, called it. Of this, as of his other great pictures—"Jacob's Dream," "Jeremiah," "Elisha" (or "Elijah": it is variously called in the biography), "The Angel Liberating St. Peter," "Dido and Anna" and "Uriel in the Sun" (so reminiscent of one of Michael Angelo's geni in the ceiling of the Sistine, as "Jeremiah" is the artistic brother of Angelo's "Moses"),—might be said what Lecky remarks as the core of Plato's philosophy, that moral beauty was their informing essence—the moral beauty which was regarded by the eloquent Athenian as the archetype of which all visible beauty is only the shadow or the image. This is the incandescent core of Allston's art: it shines even through the exquisite films of his "Swiss Scenery," informs his portraits and plays in richest abundance from the mysteriously lovely eyes of his saints and seraphs. In the voluminous correspondence which Mr. Flagg and Mr. Dana have gathered for this book, moral beauty, the loveliness of elevated character, the sweetness of a nature colored by deepest dyes of Scriptural association, pour forth in a flood, and disclose a soul almost as rapt as Fra Angelico's in the contemplation of the divine. Allston's temperament was epic, as Klopstock's or Milton's was; it revelled in immense canvases crowded with colossal figures or looming with vast architectural suggestions; he must have written epic hexameters or dramatic iambs had he been an artist in words. There is little doubt at the turning-point of his career, when he committed the irreparable mistake of returning to America to live, that he would have succeeded that other American, West, in the Presidency of the Royal Academy had he chosen to reside in London. But not long after the death of his first wife he deliberately preferred to eat the artistic locusts and wild honey of America to feasting in the rich castles and manors of England where already so many of his beautiful pictures hung. The golden vessels of the temple thus went into captivity, never to return. And then began that struggle with his evil demon, the mighty canvas of "Belshazzar's Feast" (now in the Boston Museum of Art), which ultimately paralyzed the poet-painter's imagination and wrecked his happiness. This wrestle with a birth too great to be born overshadowed with purple the bright glories of his morning hopes, caused him to reject the magnificent offers made by Congress to him to fill two panels of the rotunda at Washington with historical paintings, and plunged his latter days into the penury to which Lowell so pathetically alludes in "Six Old English Dramatists."

It is difficult indeed to see how Allston could have been helped out of his embarrassments; munificent friends did

all they could; constant industry (in spite of the slurs cast on him by Dunlap in his "History of the Arts of Design") endeavored to fill the rapidly exhausting purse; but all in vain: Allston died an almost broken-hearted man, haunted by impossible dreams, crushed by the pitiless embrace of his sphinx—the Belshazzar—ever staring at him, and leaving behind a high and noble memory, not free from mistakes, but altogether worthy of the beautiful volume in which it is enshrined. It is indeed a Shrine of Three Kings where Imagination, Harmony and Dexterity equally reveal themselves, the shrine of an epic artist who was more a Tasso of tender dreams than a Dante of terrible or a Boccaccio of laughing ones.

"Famous Composers and Their Works"

Edited by John Knowles Paine. Parts I.-IV. 50 cts. each. J. B. Millet Co.

THE FIRST FOUR parts of the long-expected "Famous Composers and Their Works" have been issued by the J. B. Millet Co. of Boston. This is a subscription work, to be published at the rate of two parts per month until thirty parts, each containing thirty-two pages of illustrated letter-press and sixteen pages of music, have been sent out. The editor is Prof. John K. Paine, Instructor in Music at Harvard. The musical examples are selected and edited by Theodore Thomas, and the portraits and illustrations are supervised by Karl Klauser. The work will contain seventy-seven articles. Seven of these will treat of the great schools or periods of music, and seventy of the famous composers, living and dead, with critical estimates of their works and their influence on their contemporaries and successors. Each article has been written by a man whom the editor regards as an authority.

The parts now at hand prove conclusively that an uncommonly valuable addition to musical literature will be made by the completion of the work. These parts contain the articles on Bach, Handel, Haydn and Gluck and the beginning of that on Mozart. The first two are the work of the author of the standard life of Bach, Dr. Philip Spitta, Professor in the University of Berlin, Secretary to the Royal Academy of Arts and Managing Director of the Royal High School of Music. Dr. Spitta is the acknowledged authority on Bach, and his article on Handel demonstrates his complete fitness for the task assigned to him in its preparation. The biography of Gluck is by another eminent German historian of music, Dr. Wilhelm Langhans, while that of Haydn is by the accomplished Boston critic, Benjamin E. Woolf. The portraits and illustrations have been wisely chosen and handsomely reproduced. The musical examples are wholly admirable in their comprehensive representation of the composers, and they are engraved in a manner that will delight every eye. The letter-press, on pages 8½ by 11½ inches, is most excellent, and, in fine, the book will be a genuine *édition de luxe*.

The addition of the critical study to each biography will, with the help of the musical examples, make "Famous Composers and Their Works" of much importance to the student and of wide influence in the cultivation of taste. It will be fully up to the present time, as is shown by the announcement that, in addition to biographies of the older composers, it will contain articles on Verdi, Sgambati and Boito, of Italy; Richard Strauss, Brahms, Goldmark, Bruch, Rheinberger and Wagner, of Germany; Bizet, Saint-Saëns and Massenet, of France; Dvorak, Glinka, Rubinstein and Tchaikowsky, of the Slavs; Grieg and Gade, of the Scandinavians; Sullivan, Parry, Stanford and Mackenzie, of England; and Paine, Buck, Chadwick, Foote and MacDowell of America.

The articles on schools are to be as follows:—"The Netherlands Masters and the Development of Counterpoint," "Music in Italy from Palestrina to Verdi," "Music in Germany from Bach to Wagner," "Music in France from Lully to Gounod," "Music in Russia, Norway, Denmark, Poland and Hungary," "Music in England from the Sixteenth Cen-

tury to the Present" and "Music in America During the Present Century." Among the corps of writers, in addition to those already mentioned, are Adolphe Jullien, Arthur Pougin and Oscar Comettant, of Paris; Edward Dannreuther, W. S. Rockstro and Mrs. Julian Marshall, of London; Prof. John Fiske, of Cambridge; William F. Apthorpe, John S. Dwight and Louis C. Elson, of Boston; Henry T. Finck, W. J. Henderson and H. E. Krehbiel, of New York; and George P. Upton of Chicago.

Poetry and Pessimism

The City of Dreadful Night. By James Thomson. With Introduction by E. Cavazza. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.

IT IS NOT AT ALL clear to us why Mrs. Cavazza has chosen to introduce two volumes in succession, the contents of which are so uniformly gloomy. Mr. George Meredith's "Modern Love" is anything but a pleasant piece of reading: the story it tells is extremely disagreeable. Mr. James Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night" is a much greater poem, and about as depressing a one as is ever likely to be written on this side of the grave. The two together are enough to enshadow a whole library of poetical literature. James Thomson was a sombre genius whose life in many respects was a parallel to that of Edgar Allan Poe. A victim to insomnia, inheriting the habits of a dipsomaniac and finding his philosophy of life in the works of such writers as Shelley, Heine and Leopardi, it is not strange that most of his own writings should be overburdened with pessimism. "The City of Dreadful Night" and the two poems here associated with it, "To Our Ladies of Death" and "Insomnia," are powerful, imaginative works and altogether remarkable. Of the former Mrs. Cavazza truly says that "under the darkness of deep waters, within the shell of pessimism, grew this rare product of disease, the black pearl of poetry that is named 'The City of Dreadful Night.'" Both this poem and its author are ably characterized by Mr. Stedman in his "Victorian Poets" in these words:—"The City of Dreadful Night" is a mystical allegory, the outgrowth of broodings on hopelessness and spiritual desolation. The cup of pessimism, with all its conjuring bitterness, is drunk to the dregs in this enshrouded and again lurid poem. We have Omar Khayyám's bewilderment, without his epicurean compensations."

Mrs. Cavazza's introduction furnishes an excellent analysis of the main poem and touches briefly upon the pathetic story of Thomson's life, and it is written with the same admirable discrimination that marked her Foreword to the Meredith volume. Her critical faculty is trained and accurate, her appreciation keen and intelligent, and her style very engaging. We only hope that her next selections from the poets will be more to the taste and liking of a healthy-minded reader. As a piece of book-making this is quite as successful as "Modern Love," though not quite so well printed. Even the ink pales in such a weird and uncanny composition. A complete Bibliography of the poet's works is furnished by his friends, Messrs. Bertram Dobell and J. M. Wheeler of London. The edition is limited to four hundred copies.

"Moltke: His Life and Character"

Sketched in Journals, Letters, Memoirs, a Novel, and Autobiographical Notes. Trans. by Mary Herms. \$3. Harper & Bros.

HISTORY RECORDS the part played by Field-Marshal Count Moltke in the momentous scenes in which he figured as so conspicuous an actor; but history, as a rule, reveals little of the personality of her characters. Her estimate of them is given in general terms: they were good, bad, or indifferent; successes or failures. We are dependent on other sources for the information which enables us to measure the great by familiar standards. In the case of the celebrated German strategist, no better source for such an estimate can be sought than the recently-published volume entitled "Moltke: His Life and Character." (Uniform with "Letters of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke to his Mother and his Brothers" and "The Franco-German War of 1870-71.") The Field-Marshal was a man of varied accomplishments.

Many of the illustrations of this volume are exact copies of his drawings and show that he possessed unusual artistic ability. His tale, "The Two Friends," which also appears in the book, is evidence of his ability to write fiction. Accounts are given of the relations between the Field-Marshal and his sovereigns and of the celebration of his ninetieth birthday. A list of the memorable dates of his military career, a description of his last day, his favorite texts from Holy Scripture, and his article "Consolatory Thoughts on this Life and Trust in a Future Life" are other interesting features.

Of honorable ancestry and good family, Helmuth von Moltke, at the age of eleven, was entered as a cadet at the Royal Danish Academy, where he remained eight years. He was then for a year a page of His Majesty the King of Denmark, and served for the next three years as an officer of the Danish Infantry. At the age of twenty-one, after a rigid examination, he entered the Prussian service in which he was to gain such great distinction. His early education was thorough, and his ideas were broadened by the experience acquired during a term of service in Turkey, a residence in Rome, and travels in Spain, France, and England. Though undemonstrative, he was a man of deep feeling, kind and sympathetic to those about him, and very fond of his relatives. He was married at the age of forty-two to a charming girl of sixteen, who, during their twenty-six years of wedded life, was a devoted and tenderly loved companion. No children blessed the union. The Field-Marshal took the oath of allegiance to five successive kings of Prussia and was fortunate in finding himself in the service of sovereigns who were not content with lavishing upon him every honor in their power to bestow, but sought at all times to convince him of their personal gratitude and esteem. At the age of ninety, after a faithful and distinguished service of nearly seventy years, he was laid to rest by a prince and people whose hearts were filled with love and veneration for one who had served the Fatherland so well.

"The Song of the Ancient People"

By Edna Dean Proctor. \$5. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ONE OF THE most noteworthy volumes published during the past year was among the last to appear. This is Miss Edna Dean Proctor's stirring song of the ancient Zufi people—a poem largely conceived, handled with admirable freedom, and characterized by a diction that is simple, vigorous and dignified. The preface to the book is from the pen of Mr. John Fiske, and is a brief and authentic essay on the history, manners and customs of the two tribes of aboriginal Americans—Moquis and Zufis—whose voice is heard in the song which follows it. Of the historical value of Miss Proctor's work Mr. Fiske expresses his appreciation in these complimentary words:—"As a rendering of Moqui-Zufi thought, it is a contribution of great and permanent value to American literature." Something of the noble and spirited beauty of the song, as well as the swing and stately movement of its melody, may be inferred from this opening passage:—

We are the Ancient People;
Our father is the Sun;
Our mother, the Earth, where the mountains tower
And the rivers seaward run;
The stars are the children of the sky,
The red men, of the plain;
And ages over us both had rolled
Before you crossed the main:—
For we are the Ancient People,
Born of the wind and rain.

This strenuous rhythmical strain is well maintained throughout the entire poem, and the refrain is employed with excellent effect, being the key-note of the whole composition. A third feature of this volume, of equal importance and interest with Miss Proctor's poem and Mr. Fiske's essay, is the "Commentary of a Zufi Familiar," by Mr. F. H. Cushing, whose translations of some of the ancient Zufi myths are veritable prose-poems full of imagination. None better than this commentator is qualified to speak of the merits of this song. He

says:—"It may be likened to a torchlight borne through the deep reaches of a primeval forest at midnight, giving vivid glimpses of the teeming mythic forms of ancient Pueblo fancy and wisdom; so many and so representative are the points which Miss Proctor, in briefly touching them, has illumined with her genius." We must not forget to mention the eleven aquatints by Mr. Julian Scott, all of them faithful pictures of the people and scenery to which the poem relates; also the very interesting and valuable notes furnished by Mr. Fiske. The volume is a sumptuous one, and is similar in appearance to the illustrated edition of "Hiawatha" published by the same house two years or so ago.

Poetry and Verse

MR. CHARLES LEONARD MOORE, in praise of whose poems Dr. Weir Mitchell lately wrote in one of the reviews, has revised the sonnets in his "Book of Day-Dreams," and a second edition is now published. These 100 sonnets are all constructed upon the Shakespearean model, and consequently compel comparisons which are inevitable, and almost inevitably unfortunate. Yet there is no good reason why the form of a poem should anywhere affect the reader's appreciation of its intrinsic worth. The skeleton in Mr. Moore's sonnets should not disturb or frighten off anybody. We find much that merits praise in this century of sonnets: they contain many fine lines, frequent passages of stately beauty; and there are several complete sonnets altogether dignified and finely wrought. It must be said, however, that the author is very apt to indulge in commonplace lines in places where their presence is fatal to the effect of the whole poem. We give one of the sonnets which exhibits both the beauties and blemishes to which we have alluded:—

Soon is the echo and the shadow o'er
Soon, soon we lie with lid encumbered eyes,
And the great fabrics that we reared before
Crumble to make a dust to hide who dies.
Gone, and the empty and unstatued air
Keeps not the mold or gesture of our limbs,
But doth with its investiture repair
And fold what next unto its circle swims.
Fools, so to paint our pageant grave with deeds,
And make division in the elements;
Earth yields us splendid mansions for our needs,
And only takes our lives to pay the rents.
Ah, but our dreams! Beyond earth's count they rise
In sage and hourly eternities.

(We italicise a line which strikes us as humorous). Mr. Moore's two other books, "Poems Antique and Modern" and "Banquet of Palacios," are also supplied by Messrs. Holt & Co., and we wish them and "A Book of Day-Dreams" a new and wider success. (\$1.25. Henry Holt & Co.)—"POETRY OF THE GATHERED YEARS" is a collection of poems compiled by "M. H." from American and English writers. It comprises sixty selections, made with reference to the various periods of life from the age of thirty-five to seventy-seven. Of that class of books especially adapted to the requirements of those occasions when gifts are made, it is likely to be a favorite, being attractively printed and tastefully bound. (\$1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)—A NEW EDITION of "Some Rhymes of Ironquill of Kansas" has made its appearance, which is a pretty sure evidence that the peculiar poetic gift of Ironquill has admirers, and his rhymes readers. Ironquill has hopes for his verse. His prefatory quatrain reads:—

When back into the alphabet
The critic's satires shall have crumbled,
When into dust his hand is humbled,
One verse of mine may linger yet.

This is one of the author's best efforts, though some of his dialect pieces are passing fair. We hesitate to speak out after that quatrain. (\$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

ALTHOUGH THERE ARE no longer any poets who write epics, epics still are written. One of the latest is "Our Earth—Night to Twilight," in thirteen cantos, by a new author, Mr. George Ferguson, who seems to be a-bared of the muses. The key to a grand opera is in the overture. The key to Mr. Ferguson's epic is in these opening lines:—

To pass our life-long days as meaner things,
Chewing the cud of Time's brief elements,
As doth the ox his herby pasturage.

Not a pleasing prospect, surely! And to go on for thirteen cantos, filling two volumes with verse of such unvarying blankness, is something no properly constituted reader can endure. Theology, philosophy, and their kind, require strong pinions to lift them into

the upper realms of poesy. Eagle-like, the true epic soars high. But Mr. Ferguson's own particular variety never soars; its movement is rather that of the "lowly green worm" in the following lines:—

'Matter we note within its prison cell,
Called of sun-beams duly coming forth
To life and substance and sure faculties.
The lowly green worm on the verdant leaf,
Crawleth ignobly in its exigence—
Unto its narrow field (to outer sense)
Irremediable doomed! * * * The "morrow," lo!
'T hath changed its mean estate—its form and garb
Its prisonment, and roved on blith wing
The buoyant air.

The "morrow" for this green worm of verse does not dawn on "Earth—Night to Twilight," in whose shadows it "crawleth ignobly on the verdant leaf." As we have remarked before, *canto* seems nowadays to mean the reverse of *canto*—I sing; *canto*—I can't sing. (3s. London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

A COLLECTION of "The Poems of George Pellew," edited, with an introduction, by Mr. W. D. Howells, has recently been published, making a slender volume of less than seventy pages, six of which are devoted by the editor to a sympathetic sketch of the author and an appreciative estimate of his literary work. He was, writes Mr. Howells, "of the type which has renewed itself from time to time in the history of literature so persistently as to have become the popular ideal of the literary man." The best poems in the book are the three sonnets which were printed in *The Cosmopolitan* along with Mr. Howells's essay. It is in Mr. Pellew's prose writings that one finds his best work—the essay on "Jane Austen's Novels," "Castle and Cabin," a study of the condition of Ireland; and the "Life of John Jay," in the American Statesman Series, all being distinct contributions to literature. (Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.)

Recent Fiction

A STORY CALLED "Wedded by Fate," written by Mrs. George Sheldon, contains many startling elements, and to the chronic and well-nigh satiated novel-reader would undoubtedly prove thrilling. The situations are numerous and somewhat unusual, and the thread which holds them together is so ingeniously woven that one reaches the close with quite an active degree of interest, notwithstanding the length of the book. Our introduction to the hero comes from his having been asphyxiated in a room at a hotel in Boston. He is taken to a hospital, and though he comes out of his stupor, he is so exhausted that the doctors say he can only live by the transfusion of healthy blood into his veins. At first no one can be procured to do this for him. The nurses are applied to, one after the other, and at last one of them, a woman, volunteers. Of course the two fall in love with each other, and as soon as he is well enough they are married. He takes his bride home, but his mother and sister are not at all pleased to see her. They consider a nurse at a hospital no match for the head of their house, and they have other and more pressing reasons for resenting his marriage with a stranger. These reasons, the manner in which they influence the chief characters in the story and the results which their conduct brings about form the chain of circumstances that give significance to the title, "Wedded by Fate." The book is a reprint from an edition published in 1890. (\$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"PERCHANCE TO DREAM" is the title given to a volume of short stories by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, some of which have been published before in various magazines. They have a flavor of novelty about them, are cleverly put together and are decidedly interesting, especially the first one, which gives its name to the book. In this case an uncle endeavors to lead his nephew out of the wild career he has entered upon by giving him a bit of his own experience. He draws a graphic picture of his home-life and of the charming woman who graced it; he lets the boy see plainly how that home was wrecked and his wife's heart nearly broken by the course he was pursuing; and he also shows him the marvellous changes in the lives of both of them which took place when he came to his senses, realized his degradation, sued for pardon and obtained it. All this is commonplace enough; the interest lies in the manner in which the transformation was brought about. The other stories are equally interesting, particularly the one called "Die, Which I Won't," a formula by which a little boy was induced by his father to get well when the disease that had taken possession of him had been pronounced incurable. The placard, upon which was written "Die, Which I Won't," was placed at the foot of the bed, the boy's eyes were fixed upon it, and his will strengthened by the determination thereon expressed. The little sketch has a perfectly unique charm. (\$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ONE OF THE MOST beautiful women in Berlin, accustomed to the adoration of all who come in contact with her, makes a visit with her husband one evening to the rooms of a talented young writer in whom she is becoming greatly interested. In one corner she finds a strange plant hanging down to the floor from the height of a man—a strange, crinkled, tangled moss, softly waving, of a dull green tint, and producing a melancholy yet graceful effect. It is the celebrated hanging moss of the South, a beautiful but fatal adornment to the trees, depriving them of light and air, thus stifling them and starving them to death. As it is with the trees and this moss, so it is with life everywhere—a constant fight for existence, the repulse of hostile attacks and the overcoming of another's power. The idea is carefully developed in the relations between this man and this woman. Proud of him, and loving him at first after a fashion, she completely absorbs him, separating him from all else that he loves, and teaching him to live only by her inspiration. Tiring of him soon, she leaves him to perish mentally if not physically, and in the cypress forest which furnishes his retreat he plants the moss, transforming the trees into a funeral procession following the coffin of desecrated nature. This is a very curious story, but well-written and most interesting. It is called "Hanging Moss," and is written by Paul Lindau. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

THE HERO OF a story called "Chim," by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, is a dog, a very clever fox-terrier, who has been taught by his mistress to do almost everything that a human being could do. He goes on errands for her, drinks tea with her and her friends in the afternoon and shows himself capable of comprehending all that is said to him with a really wonderful degree of acuteness. Unfortunately, however, the girl who owns him is poor, and cannot afford to keep him. He is sold, and has numberless adventures until he falls into the hands of a woman who has always longed for an unusually clever dog from the moment she came, through much reading of Eastern lore, to believe in the transmigration of souls. The possession of the dog leads to an acquaintance and a final adoption of his former owner by this woman. Chim crowns his unusual career by performing an astonishing service for this girl. The story is a peculiar one, as might be supposed, but not much can be said for or on the score of merit. (\$1.25. Charles L. Webster & Co.)—BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD has written a story for young people, called "A Battle and a Boy," that is rather clever in its way, and would probably interest boys to a very large extent. The scene is laid in the Tyrol, and opens with a voluntary sale of themselves by the children in that neighborhood. It seems that this is a fixed custom in that region, and such sales take place annually. The boy who is the central figure of the sale on this occasion is quite a fellow in his sphere, and it is his battle through life with which the story deals. (\$1. Tait Sons & Co.)

MR. I. ZANGWILL'S "The Old Maids' Club" is a very clever extravaganza. The candidates for admission to the extremely exclusive club tell with a great deal of spirit their tales of rejected love. The stories are frequently Gilbertian in conception, as for instance, that of the girl who believes in the Doctrine of Chances and knows that it is 6000 to 1 that the man she will love will not love her—a risk not to be balanced by the heart-moving appeals of the man himself. London literary life is pointedly satirized from the inside, and some of the satire is very thinly veiled. Odd phases of humanity are amusingly dealt with—the globe-trotting woman, the popular authoress, the music-hall celebrity, the man who constantly appears in the "agony column" with prayers to Popsy to return—signed Wopsy—and the like. The style is generally bright, although the vein is occasionally forced. Hits like this are frequent: the girl who "kept a diary, not necessarily as a guarantee of good faith, but for publication only." The story of Fladpick, the "English Shakespeare," is remarkably ingenious, and the Introduction is too good to leave unquoted:—"The Reader, My Book; My Book; the Reader." (\$1.25. Tait Sons & Co.)

TWO OF CAPT. CHARLES KING'S stories of army life, "A Soldier's Secret" and "An Army Portia," have recently appeared in one volume. Everyone having a friendly interest in Uncle Sam's small force of regulars will be grateful to this author for his efforts to correct the unjust and unfounded prejudice instilled into so large a proportion of the American people by the malicious fabrications of reprobates driven from an honorable service by its effective processes of self-purification. The exaggerated and *ex parte* statements of deserters, military convicts, and men of like character have long been a prolific source drawn upon by reporters in search of the items with which the press of the country panders to the thirst for sensationalism; and while investigation invariably shows the injustice done, few papers take the trouble to make even the partial reparation possible under the circumstances. Both stories show this mis-

representation in a proper light and thus have a more laudable object than that of merely entertaining, though they are not less fascinating than the other well-known stories by the same author. —IN "I MARRIED A SOLDIER" Mrs. Lydia Spencer Lane has given a graphic description of the life led by army officers and their families between the years 1856 and 1870. There is a wide gulf between the privations and dangers to which army people on the frontier were subjected in the old days and the comforts with which they are surrounded at present. When Mrs. X complains to her husband that the Quartermaster has calcimined her walls light gray, when she had especially requested him to have them done robin's-egg blue, or that the last Edam cheese from the Commissary was not done up in tinfoil, let her read Mrs. Lane's experience in the days "befo' de wah" and for some years after. While especially interesting to army people, this little book, so simply and pleasantly written, will doubtless be appreciated by many other readers. (\$1 each. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

WE HAVE ALREADY noticed the first volumes of the new "Dryburgh" edition of the "Waverley Novels." The third volume, "The Antiquary," has now appeared, and is quite equal in typography and in illustrations to its predecessors. Mr. Paul Hardy, who has drawn the latter, is more successful in his Dame Elspeth and his Edie Ochiltree than in his Oldbuck, but is always picturesque and correct in costume and accessories. Price, \$1.25. —THE REPRINT of the first edition of Dickens undertaken by the same firm that publishes the above is carried on with "Sketches by Boz," to which Charles Dickens, Jr., supplies, as usual, a biographical and bibliographical introduction. There are four facsimiles of the wrappers and title-pages of the editions of 1837 and 1857, and others of the illustrations by Cruikshank. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.) —"LADY SILVERDALE'S SWEETHEART, and Other Tales," by William Black, reaches us in a "new and revised" edition, printed in London. The other tales are "The Pupil of Aurelius," "The Man Who was Like Shakespeare," "The Strange Horse of Loch Suainabhal" and "The Highlands of the City." (90 cts. Harper & Bros.)

Theocritus, Weatherley and Kipling.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The "literary coincidence" mentioned on page 26 of *The Critic* of January 14 brings to mind the singular fact that Theocritus reached forward and cribbed from both Mr. Kipling and F. C. Weatherley. Let me arrange the three bits of verse:—

τέττιξ μὲν τέττιγι φίλος, μύρμακι δὲ μύρμαξ,
ἰρηκὲς δ' ἰρηῶν ἐμὴν δ' ἄ Μοῖσα καὶ ὄδῃ
THEOCRITUS, IDYL IX. 31-32.

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky
The deer to the wholesome wold;
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old."—KIPLING.
"The hawk unto the open sky
The red deer to the wold,
The Romany lass for the Romany lad,
As in the days of old."—WEATHERLEY.

Translating the Greek verses roughly enough, we have:—

"Grasshopper to grasshopper, ant to ant is dear,
Hawks love hawks; but I the Muse and song."

Doubtless one might go a few hundred years further back and find that some singer of Anakreon's day anticipated Theocritus. Indeed, both Sappho and Stesichorus have been accused of this sort of tampering with posterity's rights. Speaking of coincidences, the plantation Negroes of slavery days in Georgia had a song in which came the following:—

"Bull-frog lub de puddle-hole,
'Possum lub de 'simmon,
Cracker lub de ginger-cake;
But men folks lub de women!"

I for one cannot find it in my heart to cast any reflections on those poor old black poets of the corn-patch and the cotton-field; they couldn't realize the importance of avoiding possible future "coincidences"; still Mr. Kipling and Mr. Weatherley have rights which even Negroes of the old regime ought to have respected. Comparative criticism, like comparative anatomy, is full of dry humor. When some of us were boys "the class" used to roar forth:—

"Some love cabbage and some love kale;
But all love the girl with the long court trail."

After all it may be that literary coincidences are but species of some ancient genus.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Jan 19.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

Heine's Letters to His Mother and Sister

THERE IS NO more picturesque personality in the literature of Germany than Heinrich Heine. Wherever his name is mentioned it attracts attention for the sake of the man, if not for the sake of the poet. His long illness, his romantic marriage and his elfish nature made him a fascinating subject for the biographer, and he was more interesting to the gay Parisians than to his own more phlegmatic countrymen. He was an international literary pet, for whose manuscripts publishers quarrelled, and for whose smiles women fought.

In "The Familiar Letters of Heinrich Heine," edited by his nephew, Baron Ludwig von Embden, and translated by Charles de Kay (\$2, Cassell Pub. Co.), there are 125 epistles addressed to his mother and sister, from the years when he was at college down to the date of his death. The translator has had the advantage not only of a scholar's knowledge of the German tongue, but of a poet's sympathy with the writer of the letters. Here we find Heine in his most intimate mood, teasing his sister, gossiping about his wife, berating the parrot and lamenting his bad health. Baron Ludwig von Embden has given us an opportunity to see Heine in a new and much more agreeable light than the one usually thrown upon him. In these letters he is the affectionate brother, the devoted son, the self-sacrificing husband. His wife, according to all accounts, was a beauty, but she was as wilful as beauties often are. She loved good eating and fine dressing. "My squanderer," Heine called her; and she certainly deserved the title. She was a spoiled child, fighting her husband one minute and kissing him the next. Although he loved her dearly, he probably would not have married her, though their relations had long been those of husband and wife, if he had not fought a duel with a violent fellow-countryman in Paris. Fearing that he might be killed, and not wishing to leave Mathilde unprovided for, he married her, and provided for her in his will.

It is amusing to find Heine, in these letters, advising his sister to keep her maid-servant, as she may get a worse one the next time, and telling her that his mother has got a new cook, "the which is most sassy"; and going with zest into all the petty details of domestic life. At the same time, he was always studying. "I try to assimilate the most varied knowledge," he writes to his sister, "and shall for that reason evince myself all the more cultivated and many-sided an author. The poet is only a small part of me; I think you have known me long enough to understand that." While Heine was still at Göttingen his sister wrote this description of him:—"His appearance was more youthful than his age would lead one to expect; he was without beard until his incurable illness began; the delicate, almost maiden-like features of his pale, oval face were set in a background of light brown hair. His mouth would twist itself in a satirical smile when he repeated a joke or witticism, and the grayish blue eyes, at other times somewhat dull, began to sparkle. Of medium stature and always elegantly clad, his whole being expressed an aristocratic something. He was always very active and industrious, and went regularly to lectures. The habits of students never had his sympathy; he did not smoke, drank no beer, very little wine, and, although member of a *burschenschaft*, avoided all nocturnal banquets."

After graduating as a Doctor of Law, Heine went to Hamburg to practice; but there he began to write, and what he wrote attracted such flattering attention that he turned his back upon the law and gave himself up, body and soul, to literature. Heine lived a very retired life in Hamburg; his parents had emigrated thither from Lüneburg, and he had relations with few families besides theirs, the house of his sister and those of his two uncles. He gave his whole

time to finishing the second part of the "Reisebilder." This book had the same remarkable success as the first. At about this time (1827), Heine went to England and stayed there three months. He wrote "that London overtopped his expectations with respect to its enormous size, but that he came near giving himself up for lost there. Nothing but fog, coal smoke, porter and Canning—and so fearfully wet and uncomfortable! The eternal roast beef and leg of mutton, the vegetables as God made them—and heaven guard everybody from their sauces! Send a philosopher to London; by your life, no poet!"

Paris was the city for Heine, for he was much more French than German in his tastes. His wife was a Frenchwoman, and a typical one of a certain class. Of her he writes to his sister:—"She will please you when you see her. A thoroughly honest, angelically kind creature, generous and noble-minded through and through, but full of moods and uncontrolled; at times tormenting and a scold—things which are always bearable, however, since with them all she remains very pretty and graceful." These latter qualities

were the strongest links in the chain that bound her to her husband. If she had not been "pretty and graceful," he would hardly have put up with her uncertain temper for so long. Writing to his mother, later on, he says:—"Nothing has changed in my case in wedlock; on the contrary, each year my wife gets more sensible and docile, and I have not yet regretted my marriage. That's a good deal to say in the present generation and in Paris, where bad marriages swarm; good ones are so rare that they ought to be preserved in alcohol."

There was nothing that he would not do for Mathilde, and her future was always a source of great anxiety to him, for he knew that a man in his bad health might die at any moment. It was for her sake that he rushed into his arrangement with Campe, the publisher, which proved so disastrous to him. To his sister he writes:—"Despite my increasing paralysis of the face, I work a good deal. But perhaps some day I may have to pitch my pen to the devil and be condemned to do nothing at all! My wife is conducting herself pretty well; does not scold too often, but always remains a spendthrift. I get through with difficulty and trouble, but I do get through, and the cares vanish. If I only could see you now and then, sweet angel, just to look at you without saying a word!"

Again, about his wife:—"Things are as usual with my wife—an

angel who often has devilish whims, and the sweetest squanderer who ever in this world tortured and made her husband happy. * * * My wife, thank God, is of good health and tries to gladden as much as possible my wretched existence. She is a kindly child, and if she gives me pain it is not her fault but her disease." Heine bore his sufferings patiently, but he wrote about them constantly to his mother and sister. To the former he said:—

"But as to my sickness, the worst of all is that one hangs on to life so long—a thing, dear mother, which naturally does not seem to you the worst; but I who have to bear so much physically and lose all hope of cure, I envy people who are quickly snatched away by acute diseases. In death the terrible thing consists only in this: that it plunges our dear ones into woe. How gladly would I leave this world if I did not think of the helplessness of my squanderer, the misery of the old baggage who lives near the Dammtor [a playful allusion to his mother] and the tears of my sister!"

In the autumn of 1855, Mme. von Embden, Heine's sister, arrived in Paris with his brother Gustav. The poet's delight at seeing his sister was touching in the extreme. She writes to her son, the editor of these letters:—"His delight at seeing me cannot be described, and I was not permitted to leave his bedside until late at night except for dinner. From the previous reports which I had heard concerning the illness of my brother, I feared that the first sight of



HEINRICH HEINE WHEN A STUDENT AT GÖTTINGEN.

From a drawing by a college mate.

his sufferings would have shaken me profoundly, but when I saw merely the head, which smiled upon me with its wonderful illumined beauty, I was able to give myself up to the first pleasure of seeing him once more. Yet near afternoon when the nurse carried my brother in her arms to an invalid's chair in order to make up the bed, and I saw the body all shrunk together, from which his legs hung down without signs of life, I had to gather all my powers of self-control in order to support in quiet that horrible sight.

"My bed was arranged close to the sick chamber and during the very first night long continued cramps of the chest and head made their appearance; they worried me greatly. Almost every night such attacks repeated themselves, and when I then hastened to his bedside, at once the laying of my hand on the sick man's brow seemed to bring him relief. My brother often said that I possessed strange magnetic powers which he felt at once no matter how gently I crept into the room. At moments when he was free from pain the recollections of former years in the parental house or concerning relatives were able to raise a laugh in him again, and if Mathilde was present she would laugh aloud and only then ask, since she did not understand German, what it was we were laughing at so hard."

Of "Mouche," the lively little German woman who acted as Heine's secretary, and to whom he wrote a number of poems, much to Mathilde's disgust, Mme. von Embden says:—"Latterly, an inspiring person of uncommon gifts had come to see him, a German woman, a lively offspring of Swabia, who combined in herself French wit with German heartiness. She read aloud to him in a melodious voice and was so well acquainted with French that he was able to leave to her the correction of proofs for his works. She had been slightly under the weather, but would soon come again, and he was curious to learn what kind of impression she would make on me."

"Mouche, as my brother called her because of her seal, on which a fly was engraved, was in fact a very charming vision of youth, who proved to me also during my temporary stay extremely sympathetic in character. Of middle stature, attractive rather than pretty, brown ringlets framed her delicate face, out of which roguish eyes peeped above a little snub nose; she had a small mouth which showed a row of pretty teeth whenever she spoke or laughed. ***

"Mouche came daily for a few hours to see my brother, and his admiration for the lively little woman unfortunately roused in Mathilde a degree of jealousy amounting to disease, which at last degenerated into animosity. Her husband's desire that Mouche should be allowed now and then to share the midday meal was abruptly refused by Mathilde; Mouche's pleasant greeting was scarcely returned, and at her appearance the sick chamber was at once deserted by Mathilde. Indeed I was on one occasion mistaken for Mouche when old Béranger was visiting my brother. He found me sitting in the twilight near the bed and, stepping forward, he remarked: 'My dear Heine, is madame the celebrated new reader, Mouche?' To which my brother answered, laughing: 'Cher ami, you have evidently a case of *mouche volante* (trouble of the eyes). It is my sister.'"

Mme. von Embden stayed with her brother as long as she could, and a few weeks after her return to Hamburg the condition of Heine grew worse: "Difficulty of breathing and cramps of the chest became more frequent, often compelling him to pass whole nights in a sitting position in bed. Sleeplessness produced great weakness; but notwithstanding this the poet worked every day for two or three hours. Cramp-like vomitings, which were not to be repressed, began three days before his death, and Dr. Gruby's orders to keep ice

bandages on his stomach were able to effect only passing relief. The last night was extremely painful; his weakness grew worse, and the death pangs set in. Up to the last moment Heine kept entire consciousness, and died toward five o'clock in the morning on the 17th of February, 1856."

His death was a blow to his sister from which she never fully recovered. Mathilde took her loss more philosophically. She was well provided for, and she gave up her life to birds and dogs, of which she had dozens, and to the pleasures of the table. Of the two women, "Mouche" had the keener appreciation of Heine's genius. To Mathilde he was only and always her "*pauvre Henri*."

Mrs. Fields's Reminiscences of Whittier

IN THE FEBRUARY *Harper's Monthly*, Mrs. Annie Fields, whose husband was Whittier's friend and publisher, gives some delightful personal reminiscences of the Quaker poet. "The picture of his poetic figure," says Mrs. Fields, "will never be absent from the gallery of men beloved by the people of the United States. He stands holding the double crown of patriot and poet, and will be remembered in war-time with Garrison and Phillips, and in all time with Emerson and Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes."

Speaking of his letters, she remarks:—"A homely native wit pointed Whittier's familiar correspondence. Writing in 1849, while revising his volume for publication, he speaks of one of his poems as 'that rascally old ballad "Kathleen,"' and adds that it 'wants something, though it is already too long.' He adds: 'The weather this morning is cold enough for an Esquimaux purgatory—terrible. What did the old Pilgrims mean by coming here?'"

From time to time, also, we find him expressing his literary opinions eagerly and simply as friend may talk with friend, and without aspiring to literary judgment:—"Thoreau's 'Walden' is capital reading, but very wicked and heathenish. The practical moral of it seems to be that if a man is willing to sink himself into a woodchuck he can live as cheaply as that quadruped; but, after all, for me, I prefer walking on two legs." He afterward read everything that Thoreau wrote, and was a warm appreciator of his work. "What do we not all owe you," he wrote to Mr. Fields, "for your edition of De Tocqueville! It is one of the best books of the century. Thanks, too, for Allingham's poems. After Tennyson, he is my favorite among modern British poets."

Again: "I have just read Longfellow's introduction to his 'Tales of the Inn'—a splendid piece of painting! Neither Boccaccio nor Chaucer has done better." In 1866 he says:—"I am glad to see 'Hosea Biglow' in book form. It is a grand book; the best of its kind for the last half-century or more. It has wit enough to make the reputation of a dozen English satirists."

Of Edith Thomas he once said, "She has a divine gift, and her first book is more than a promise—an assurance." Of Sarah Orne Jewett he was fond as of a daughter, and from their earliest acquaintance his letters are filled with appreciation of her stories. "I do no twonder," he wrote one day, "that 'The Luck of the Bogans' is attractive to the Irish folks, and to everybody else. It is a very successful departure from New England life and scenery, and shows that Sarah is as much at home in Ireland and on the Carolina Sea Islands as in Maine or Massachusetts. I am very proud that I was one of the first to discover her."

"The Tent on the Beach" was finished at a time when the poet was suffering more than usually from ill health. "Tell me," he wrote to his publisher, "if thee object to the personal character



MATHILDE MIRAT, HEINE'S WIFE.

of it. I have represented thee and Bayard Taylor and myself living a wild tent life for a few summer days on the beach, where, for lack of something better, I read my stories to the others. My original plan was the old 'Decameron' one, each personage to read his own poems; but the thing has been so hackneyed by repetition that I abandoned it in disgust, and began anew. The result is before thee. Put it in type or the fire. I am content—like Eugene Aram, "prepared for either fortune."

The death of Charles Dickens was felt by Whittier, as by many of us, as a personal loss. In talking with Mr. and Mrs. Fields about the novelist, he told them what sunshine came from him into his own solemn and silent country life, and what grateful love he must ever have for him. He wished to hear all that could be told of him as a man. "Tea came, and the sun went down, and still he talked and questioned, and then after a long silence, he said, suddenly, 'What's he doing now? Sometimes I say in Shakespeare's phrase, O for some 'courteous ghost,' but nothing ever comes to me. He was so human I should think thee must see him sometimes. It seems as if he were the very person to manifest himself and give us a glimpse beyond. I believe I have faith; I sometimes think I have; but this desire to see just a little way is terribly strong in me."

In a letter written after Matthew Arnold's return to England, he said:—"I share thy indignation at the way our people have spoken of him—one of the foremost men of our time, a true poet, a wise critic, and a brave, upright man, to whom all English-speaking people owe a debt of gratitude. I am sorry I could not see him again."

On one occasion Whittier and Emerson dined with Mr. and Mrs. Fields in Charles Street. The latter recalls his saying to Emerson:—"I had to choose between hearing thee at thy lecture and coming here to see thee. I chose to see thee. I could not do both." Emerson was heard to say to him, solicitously, "I hope you are pretty well, sir! I believe you formerly bragged of bad health."

In a letter written to Mrs. Fields, Whittier said:—"Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes and myself are all getting to be old fellows, and that swansong might serve for us all. 'We who are about to die.' God help us all! I don't care for fame, and have no solicitude about the verdicts of posterity." Whittier not only read the classics and the works of his contemporaries, but he read the novels of the younger generation. We find him giving his opinion—and a flattering one it was, too—of "Mr. Isaacs."

Mrs. Fields's article, which is full of characteristic anecdotes and sayings of the dead poet, is illustrated with portraits of him at various ages, of his two homes and of the house at Hampton Falls, N. H., in which he died. A picture of this simple yet pretty cottage is printed on this page by permission of the Messrs. Harper who hold the copyright.

An Elegy for Whittier

[Walter Storrs Bigelow, in *American Gardening*.]

IN VAIN for him the buds shall burst their shield,
And chestnut-leaves their tiny tints unfold;
In vain the early violets dot the field:
His heart is cold.

The rose no more shall meet his ardent gaze,
Like tender blushes of the maiden June,
Nor summer birds repeat for him their lays—
He hears no tune.

Full-breasted Autumn, for the lusty throng
The harvest-feast shall spread with liberal hand;
But he no more shall join their harvest-song,
Nor understand.

When the faint pulsings of the earth shall cease,
And on her naked form the shroud be spread,
He, like the snow-bound world, shall rest in peace,
For he is dead.

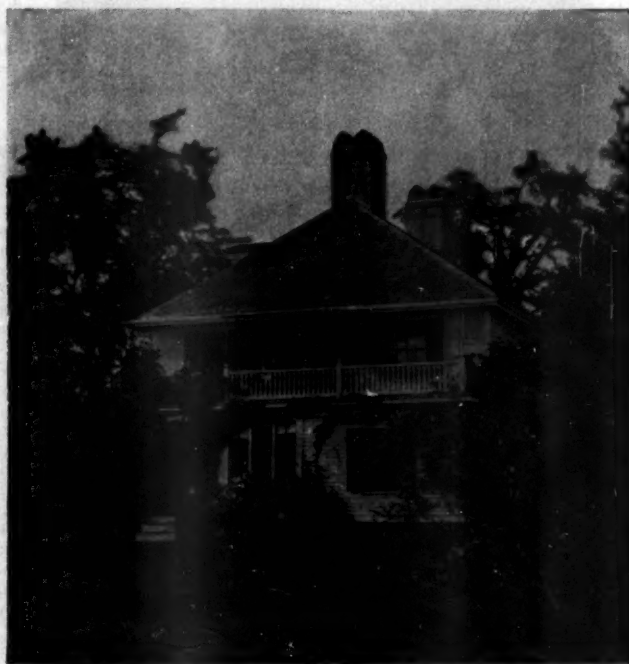
The Lounger

IF I HAD EVER had any doubts as to how one should treat distinguished artists when one met them socially, they would all have been swept aside by the fiat sent forth by Mr. Ward McAllister in a recent interview with a *World* reporter. Mr. McAllister, as an arbiter of fashion, deprecates the present enthusiasm for M. Paderewski shown by some women—not by all. The woman of fashion is true to her creed, which is "all that glitters *must* be gold." Brilliant wit, bright conversation, sparkling talent of any kind is dulled before the flash of gold. "If a musician comes to one of our fashionable houses," Mr. McAllister is quoted as saying, "it is distinctly understood that he is there to give a musical performance, and not that the guests may have an opportunity of enjoying social intercourse with him. This is the American way. In London professional people are received on the same footing as ordinary members of society. We are far from having reached this stage"—of social degradation, he apparently means.

TO SHOW THAT he has made no mistake, he illustrates his point with an anecdote:—"I remember a dinner last year, given by a member of the One Hundred and Fifty, a man who spends much of his time in England, at which two of the most famous opera singers we have had in New York were present. It was with the greatest difficulty that the hostess could secure a man in the whole company who was willing to take one of these ladies in to dinner." I am afraid I put another interpretation on this unwillingness than does Mr. McAllister. My opinion is that these men of fashion were loth to expose their ignorance of the language the ladies spoke, and did not care to air their bad French or worse Italian in company. I cannot bring myself to believe that an American, no matter how small his soul, could be so little of a gentleman as to refuse to take in any lady, the guest of his hostess, to dinner. I have not a very high opinion of the mere man of fashion, but I have a better one than his spokesman has.

MR. MCALLISTER is especially troubled by the manner in which M. Paderewski is received, and hastens to wipe away any aspersions upon the woman of fashion by saying:—"The attentions paid to M. Paderewski by women are paid to him as an artist. His admirers are either lovers of music or like to think they are. Their adulation has been to some extent in bad taste, but yet I see no sign that our society is about to change its attitude towards professional people." Just here it would be amusing to know what the attitude of professional people is toward society. Not one of humility, I fancy. Artists whom crowned heads delight to honor will not think very small potatoes of themselves because they are not to be regarded as the social equals of the class for whom Mr. McAllister speaks. I am not an Anglomaniac but I think that if all Mr. McAllister says about the treatment of professional people by New York society is true, we have much to learn from English society on this point.

IT IS HARD to realize that a man so thoroughly alive as Phillips Brooks always showed himself to be is no longer of the living. It is difficult to look even at the caricatures of his splendid face that confronted us in the daily papers last Tuesday morning, and feel that the fire in those burning eyes is quenched, that those mobile



From Harper's Magazine for February.

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THE HOUSE AT HAMPTON FALLS IN WHICH WHITTIER DIED

features will move no more in ready response to the preacher's varying moods, that the voice which used to pour like a river through those eloquent lips is hushed forever. It is as painful as it is difficult to feel that the most striking personality in the American pulpit since Beecher died has suddenly become little more than a memory. Yet the memory of Bishop Brooks will be more potent for good with the generation that has known him than the living presence of many of his contemporaries who approach or equal him in mental vigor. It was not so much his mind as his spirit that made him a power in the world. It was as a prophet, a seer, a sympathizer, that he impressed his image upon the age; and happily he was a prophet not without honor in his own country, though many of his associates would have minimized his opportunities and his influence, had they been allowed to have their way. His recent elevation to the episcopate tended to elevate the office itself, and his premature death leaves a vacancy which may be supplied but cannot be filled.

A READER OF *The Critic* who is "warmed every week" by the Lounger's "chat," read the paragraph in this column in which mention is made of the cold air coming into the writer's room through the "heater." This kind friend sends me several pages of furnace advertisements, and if we are to believe their makers, any one of the furnaces will raise the temperature of the biggest and coldest house to that of India's coral strand. Since writing that paragraph I have discovered that it is not so much the defects of the furnace as the condition of the atmosphere outside that drove the cold air into my room. We have had some exceptional weather this winter, and a comparison of miseries with people in town has shown me that we have been better off, in some respects, than they. I called on a friend in her steam-heated city apartment on one of the coldest days, and she was without gas or water, both being frozen solid; and I found others in the same predicament. We have had no such annoyance in the country. Our gas is dear and poor, but it does burn. On the other hand, another city friend told me last week that he hadn't lighted his furnace this winter, open fires having furnished all the heat he wished.

ANOTHER READER of this column, who has also read the book on Central America alluded to in a recent number, writes to tell me that I have forgotten one of the best things in the story—the author's indignation that the meals were served in courses, and particularly that she could not get her coffee until the end of the dinner! She liked the country, however, and said that the climate of Guatemala was "the finest in the world," though she frankly admitted that she had never been anywhere else outside of the United States.

MACMILLAN & Co. are about to erect a fine fire-proof building in Fifth Avenue, a little above Twelfth Street. So far, it is only a hole in the ground, and the prospect of early possession is not encouraging. Just before the present "cold snap" set in, the men who were digging there found it almost impossible to make any headway on account of the water that gushed out of the sides into the cellar. Mr. Brett, who is the American representative of Macmillan & Co., visited the spot every day or so, to see what progress, if any, had been made. One day, when he was standing there looking at the water gushing in, an old gentleman, who regarded his melancholy expression with an amused air, said to him:—"This is nothing to what it used to be, young man. When I was a boy, this whole place was a pond, and many's the day I've gone swimming right here." Mr. Brett thought that if the old man would only wait a little while, he might go swimming there again. The weather, it is true, did not invite such sport, but the quantity of water certainly suggested it.

M. DE BLOWITZ, the well-known correspondent of the London *Times*, must be pleased with the amount of attention his article on "Journalism as a Profession" in *The Contemporary* has excited, though he may not be altogether pleased with the way it has been received. He believes in schools of journalism, and if their graduates followed the rules laid down by him, they would all be Admirable Crichtons—or cads. He has already a young man, a Hollander, in training. Besides schools of journalism, M. de Blowitz would establish in every capital a paper called *The Judge* (we have one already in New York, but it will not answer the purpose), which should be edited "by the most competent and authoritative hands, sustained by all, and speaking in the name of all, written in a pure, clear, direct style, opening its columns, moreover, to outside communications, accepted by a competent committee above suspicion, would take up every morning the errors of allusion—historical, political, geographical, or what not—committed in the other newspapers, and put them in the pillory. It would call attention as well to the wilful errors which are lies, the mistakes of ignorance, and

even of expression; yes, it would be the judge, the merciless judge of all that was false, lying, calumnious, or of evil report, presented to the impressible and credulous public." Instead of naming his paper *The Judge*, M. de Blowitz would do well to call it *The Evening Post*. That name, in this city, at least, would be much more significant than the one he suggests.

London Letter

MISS WILLARD had a great reception in Exeter Hall on Monday night, in point of numbers, and although scarcely any persons of note were present, and the assemblage could only be termed "representative" inasmuch as every, or nearly every, temperance society in England sent its delegates, that excellent and eloquent lady was no doubt thoroughly satisfied. She had an enormous crowd of people to speak to, and some popular and fluent speakers to support her, and probably did not know, and never will know, that her extreme opinions and sanguine convictions are not shared by the majority of influential and intellectual English men and women. Sincerely as they may desire to have our land freed from the national vice, they do not see this being done after the fashion Miss Willard and her supporters advocate. Miss Willard "did not know that prohibition would just capture all England, but she believed it would." Miss Willard, when she comes to know "all England" a little better, will be more diffident of "capturing" it offhand like this; and in spite of her warm reception by innumerable temperance societies, she will find that there are but few among the real thinkers and rulers of the land who find in these "bands" and "unions," however good in their way, the real solution of the problem.

Canon Wilberforce's reference to "the man who was able to fell oaks," and his attempting to make a temperance meeting an occasion for calling on all "who wished to see the upas tree of drink laid low," to strengthen the hands of Mr. Gladstone, was neither effective nor in good taste. Politics have nothing to do with drunkenness; all non-drunkards, however they may disagree on other matters, are at one in this: they would gladly use any means in their power to check the curse of drink, but because temperance societies and their leaders mainly belong to a certain order of people, and because all, or nearly all, who were on the platform in Exeter Hall on Monday night were of that order, Canon Wilberforce and Mr. Stead were no doubt thought to have done quite the right thing in hinting that temperance and Gladstonianism are synonymous!

Among the upper classes in England it is an unusual thing to find a man a total abstainer; but it is quite as unusual to find him a drunkard. A typical Englishman of this status likes his glass of "Bass" at luncheon, and his claret ("Chateau Larose," if he can get it) after dinner. In the lower middle class there is more drinking and worse liquor drunk; and again, on a lower stratum still, we have execrable compounds and a vast and terrible amount of intoxication. If the President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union can do anything towards modifying this widespread evil, all England will be grateful to her. Her presence among us has no doubt already cheered the hearts of, and given new courage to, many earnest, patient souls, laboring on year after year in this dreary field; but she must not expect too much. This old country is stubborn, or it is nothing; and one thing is certain: it is pretty sure to decline being taken in hand by a stranger and an—, but, never mind.

Mr. Arthur Shadwell's articles in the *Times*, entitled "The New Mesmerism," of which the third appeared yesterday, are being much noticed, and are undoubtedly written with brilliancy and power. Mr. Shadwell was lately sent over to Paris by the *Times* in order to investigate hypnotism; and having put himself in the hands of the most eminent hypnotizers, and been cordially awarded by them every means of prosecuting his researches, the result given to the world in the *Times* articles may be read with confidence. His summing up I quote:—

"Hypnotism in treatment has a real but very limited value, and it should be only used with great care. It is not likely to die out altogether, but neither is it likely to be generally adopted, or even to spread much beyond its present limits. Hypnotic experiments, unless they have the patient's benefit in view, are injurious and unjustifiable alike on the platform and in the laboratory. Finally, if I may offer any practical advice to the public, it is this: regard hypnotism with extreme caution, and do not resort to it except on the advice of an unprejudiced medical man in whose opinion you have complete confidence."

All who have perused Mr. Shadwell's admirable and lengthy treatises on the subject, which fill from two to three columns of the *Times* on each occasion, will perceive the wisdom of this final word. Had they heard the narration from his own lips—as it has been my good fortune to do—they would be perhaps still more convinced of

it. And, by the way, should any one chance to inquire, as I did, first thing, "What is the difference between 'mesmerism' and 'hypnotism'?" the inquirer will find a very simple and complete answer, to use Mr. Shadwell's own phrase, in the first article written from Paris, December 5th, couched in these words, "There is no difference whatever." Mr. Shadwell goes on to say that in the marvellous new treatment, of which so much is being heard, we are merely witnessing a fresh revival of those practices originally started in a systematic way by Mesmer more than a hundred years ago, and revived, with improvements, about the year 1820, and again between 1840 and 1850. The second of these revivals was initiated by Braid, the Manchester surgeon, and he invented the word "hypnotism."

It was a happy idea, to whomsoever it pertained, that of having a course of lectures for young people at the Royal Institution during the Christmas holidays. The sixth and last of these was delivered on Saturday afternoon by Sir Robert Ball, and despite a glorious skating afternoon, which must have proved a counter-attraction to thousands, the hall was once more full to overflowing. To judge by the lucid, intelligible and altogether comprehensible language in which Sir Robert brought before his young hearers some of the appalling facts of astronomy—by the aptness of his allusions and the graphic nature of his illustrations—the lecture must have been interesting to young and old; and we will hope that no one regretted having been present when on Saturday night the thaw set in.

Mr. Ruskin, who takes a keen interest in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, has just been despatching it a Christmas box in the shape of some of his own works, now brought out in special editions, and also of some oil and water-color studies after Carpaccio by Angelo Alessandri. Mr. Ruskin rather enjoys the severe weather we have lately been having, especially as it has been accompanied by blue skies and bright sunshine in the Lake Country. He takes a walk twice a day—a good brisk tramp, not a sauntering stroll; and though, alas! fit for little else, and completely "under the thumb," to use the common expression, of the relatives who, of recent years, have taken possession of him body and mind, he still enjoys a game of chess in an evening, and seems now and then pleased to see an old friend. Old friends, however, find it rather painful to see him.

Many a kindly word was spoken when it became known at the clubs that Captain Hawley Smart, whose novels are to be found in every smoking-room and billiard-room in the kingdom, had died suddenly on Sunday afternoon last. Whatever else a young man had or had not read about twenty years ago, he was absolutely sure to have read "Breezie Langton," and later on the scarcely less popular "At Fault." Both of these, and indeed many more of Hawley Smart's racy novels—of which he wrote more than twenty,—are capital light reading; and of those I have myself perused (so far as I can remember) I can affirm that they might have been read by any man or woman. Their tone was healthy; and whilst perhaps hardly to be termed instructive, they were enjoyable. N.B.—I am not sure that they were not instructive also—for certain readers. Hawley Smart knew the world he wrote about to its inmost recesses, and he dropped many a hint valuable to inexperienced youth.

Some excitement is being felt among the Edinburgh bookworms over the 202 manuscripts purchased in that city by Mr. Kennedy of New York, and presented by him to the Lenox Library. Of these, the British Museum experts report that only one manuscript is genuine, the rest being forgeries. They add that the "Early Historical" documents are absurd productions, alleged to be of various periods, but being all upon paper of the same make.

"The Bauble Shop" is the title of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's forthcoming play. It is a good name, but it did not strike me that the names of the characters, which were also given me, were equally happy, and no single one of them can I recall. Mr. Jones, however, is very full of his new venture, and all London will welcome it in a few weeks' time.

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

IT WILL BE REMEMBERED that not long ago Anna Katherine Green's popular novel, "The Leavenworth Case," was dramatized by the author, and brought out on the stage by Joseph Haworth. But Haworth drifted into other plays later on, and "The Leavenworth Case" rested in the green-room. Now, however, I am told by a friend of the Rohlf's, the drama will again be put upon the stage, and this time with more interesting associations. The husband of the author, Mr. Charles Rohlf, is to star in the character which Haworth assumed. Mr. Rohlf has had a histrionic training, and it was here in Boston that he made his début, some fifteen years ago, in that famous spectacular play which Eugene Tompkins brought over from Europe, and which proved one of the biggest bonanzas for the Boston Theatre that that old time play-house ever obtained. I mean "The Exiles." Mr. Rohlf played only a small

part in the piece, but he afterwards went on the road in more important rôles, acting for the most part what are called "character parts." Then he married the author of "The Leavenworth Case" (I think the story was written just about the time he was making his début), and retired from the stage. Mr. Haworth says that Mr. Rohlf's admirable reading of the play to him was one of the prime reasons for his deciding in its favor when he adopted the work for his own repertoire.

A new comer on the public lecture platform is a lady whom the world has known for several years as a leader in Boston society and as prominent among younger Boston writers. I mentioned in a few lines in my last letter her intention to speak on the Salvation Army as she knew it in England. Her début in public was made, and the applause of the large audience at Association Hall showed very clearly that Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott had proved a successful public lecturer. In fact, those who had heard her before in private parlor lectures were certain that she would be successful. About a year and a half ago, when she was at Newport with her mother, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, she gave her private lectures at the houses of prominent summer residents, and received so many requests for repetitions of the series that last December she repeated the talks at the houses of Mrs. Francis L. Higginson, Mrs. Mary Hemmenway, Mrs. Charles Head and Mrs. J. A. Beebe. In her talks she spoke of the notable paintings in Paris and Munich, as well as of the Dutch masters, also giving a pleasant description of English life, and (strange contrast!) told with vivid words what she saw with Gen. Booth in Darkest England. She made the work of the Salvation Army an especial study when abroad, and this lecture, as it seemed to be the one regarded as her best, she repeated in Boston. Mrs. Elliott spoke very highly of the work of the Salvationists, and expressed the belief that the people of the slums could be reached only by those men and women who were born and bred to that hard work which the Salvation Army enforces upon its members. Count Tolstol she regarded as a man-of-letters who held that faith could move mountains; Gen. Booth as a man of practice who did move mountains.

I was going to say something about Mrs. Margaret Deland and her husband; but perhaps I ought to reverse the names, for this first instinctive method of writing about the two reminds me of the sarcastic manner in which a Democratic paper of Boston, during the administration of the late President Hayes, announced at the head of its columns that "Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes and husband will arrive in Boston to-morrow." While Mrs. Deland is best known in the literary world, Mr. Deland holds his position among business men. Needless to say, he also holds a high position with Harvard men since that famous Deland football trick astonished the men of Yale. But I have wandered far off from the little item that I was going to pen. The Delands, I am told, intend to move from the little house at 112 Mt. Vernon Street, where nearly all of Mrs. Deland's literary work has been done, deserting the huge fireplace and the Dutch door, with all the quaint little nooks devised by the inventive Mr. Deland since the two have been there, and moving to a larger house further up Beacon Hill.

Harvard won the debate with Yale this year, as she did last year. The bright orators of the two colleges met on the stage at Sanders' Theatre, and after a prolonged discussion as to whether the power of railroad corporations should be further limited by national legislation, submitted to the decision of President E. B. Andrews of Brown, Prof. E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia and Speaker Barrett of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. The victory was awarded to Harvard by a count of 1485 points to Yale's 1403. The Harvard men were ahead of their opponents both in form and in substance, according to the vote of the judges; so it would seem that oratorical power was not the only thing which gave them the victory. President Eliot presided, and in his address gave a pleasant little rap on that much-used term, "joint debate," which continually pops up during political campaigns, when one candidate challenges another to meet him on the platform. The meaning of the word "debate," said the President of Harvard, must have been forgotten in these days when meetings in which speakers uphold opposite sides of a question are termed "joint debates," for that phrase is nothing more nor less than tautology.

The last two volumes of the Hon. Edwin L. Pierce's "Life of Charles Sumner," about which a correspondent of *The Critic* made inquiry some time ago, is to appear during the coming April. The entire manuscript of the work was read by George William Curtis some months before he died. Mr. Curtis took a deep interest in the book, and in criticism of it wrote to Mr. Pierce the following appreciative words:—

"In commenting upon your work, I have spoken plainly of any suggestions that occurred to me, but I am afraid that I have not taken care to express my admiration of it as the most thorough and conscientious biography of a public man that we have. Your patient diligence and complete research are without example in such

work, and I think often of your remark to me that it had taken your life to write Sumner's. It seems to me a great public benefit that it is Sumner's story which has been so completely told. The very qualities which in his life made him obnoxious even to many of his comrades were those which made him a great public force. He was the impersonation of the conscience and character which saved the country. I hope you will not delay printing."

Mr. Pierce, as is well-known, was designated in Mr. Sumner's will as one of his literary executors, but he desired having Motley or Curtis or Dana prepare the biography. They turned the request, however, back to Mr. Pierce, and so in 1881 he began that work which he has now completed. As Mr. Pierce is an extremely conscientious writer and an ardent admirer of Mr. Sumner, he spared no pains in preparing the book, and I am told read nearly all the 40,000 letters which Mr. Sumner left in his library, the sum total of nearly all that statesman's correspondence.

The announcement after the death of Mr. William F. Weld that he had given a fund to Harvard College was a surprise, for although his generous disposition was well-known, yet as he had always been chiefly interested in yachting and in horses, no one supposed that he had taken any especial interest in educational matters. Perhaps there was a bit of sentiment in it, for his grandfather, William F. Weld, from whom he received his wealth by inheritance, gave to Harvard College Weld Hall as a memorial of his brother. The late Mr. Weld, who died at the age of thirty-eight leaving no children, was a graduate of Harvard, class of 1876. He was the owner of the famous schooner *Gitana*, which had cost him throughout his time of ownership nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and in which he was accustomed to enjoy cruises with his friends up the Mediterranean and to the West Indies; he had also confirmed his reputation for lavishness by building recently a stable which resembled the castle of a duke, and which cost a round \$100,000. Some of *The Critic's* readers may remember that a long while ago I wrote about the admirable collection of paintings he had in his office down in the business part of the city—a collection which must have been worth \$100,000 at the least. Yet he spent his money judiciously, when one considers the vast amount he possessed. This Harvard bequest, I am told, was really made six years ago, when Mr. Weld, learning that a new professorship was needed in the Law School, gave \$90,000 to found such a chair. He would not, however, permit the gift to be mentioned or his name to be known until after his death, and the professorship was simply called "the new professorship." It will hereafter be termed "The Weld Professorship."

BOSTON, Jan. 24, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Eleonora Duse

IT IS NOT OFTEN that a New York audience is treated to so delightful a surprise as that which attended the first appearance of the Italian actress, Eleonora Duse, in the character of "Camille" in the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Certainly there had been occasional paragraphs in the newspapers telling of her artistic triumphs in Italy, Germany and Austria, but similar tales have been told before of more or less illustrious foreigners and every variety of the puff managerial is regarded with grave suspicion. In the case of Signora Duse, however, there has been no exaggeration. It is, indeed, only fair to say that her claims to respect have been stated with a moderation hitherto almost unknown in the theatrical world. As a plain matter of fact she is an actress of the first rank, fully worthy of comparison with either Modjeska or Bernhardt, although widely different in style and temperament from both of them.

Her power over an audience was manifested in a very striking manner before she had been on the stage five minutes. A very large and brilliant company had assembled to welcome her, and the prevailing atmosphere was one of curiosity. The actress had scarcely made her appearance and given her little careless nod of recognition to De Varville, before everybody was in an attitude of strained attention. Already the old and hackneyed character had been revived by the power of genius. Signora Duse does not attempt to make a Frenchwoman of Camille, but fills her with the fire and passion of her own Italian temperament. But both the fire and passion, except at very rare intervals, are kept under complete control. Their glow is apparent in all the love-scenes, and breaks into flame at one or two critical moments; but it is by the suggestion of force in reserve that she makes her most striking effects. Only an artist of the highest type could create so profound an impression with so little apparent effort or forethought, by some light and seemingly spontaneous gesture, by a sudden change of facial expression, or some subtle inflection of the voice. The chief beauties of her impersonation are to be found in its lesser and, to the inexperienced eye, insignificant details. All her by-play, although it appears to be due only to the impulse of the moment, is clearly the result of the most deliberate design, and changes with every variety of mood or condition which it is meant to illustrate. The impetuous, audacious, bored and querulous Camille of the first act

becomes quite another creature beneath the softening influence of the love passages with Armand—such love passages as have not been witnessed in a New York theatre half a dozen times in this generation—and is transformed into a type of placid and contented womanhood in the country home of Armand. She played the whole of this act with perfect skill and profoundest pathos, and in the scene of parting from her lover, she suggested the heart-breaking under a smile, with a simplicity so true and so poignant that her own suppressed sob found many an echo in the audience. It was in this scene that she reached her greatest height because in it she found her greatest opportunity, but to the end of the play her performance never sank below the high level upon which it started, and it must certainly be ranked among the finest seen here or anywhere. It remains to be seen whether Signora Duse can express passion as well as she can suggest it; if she can she need fear comparison with no living rival.

The beauty of her individual performance naturally distracted attention from her company, but several of the subordinate players appear to have much more than average ability. The Armand of Signor Ando was admirable and all his associates seemed fully equal to the tasks assigned them. The general smoothness of the representation deserves a word of special recognition, as does the stage management which, especially in respect of by-play and groupings, was most excellent. Signora Duse's debut, in short, could scarcely have been effected under more favorable conditions than those of last Monday night.

"The Mountebanks"

IN "THE MOUNTEBANKS," now running at the Garden Theatre, the public has the opportunity of enjoying an operetta built on lines made familiar to us by a long course of similar productions at the old Standard Theatre and the old Fifth Avenue. The methods of W. S. Gilbert in constructing operetta books are as familiar to New York amusement-lovers as Mr. Kelcey's methods of simulating deep interest in a young woman or Mme. Adelina Patti's method of pretending that she takes "Home, Sweet Home" seriously. Yet Mr. Gilbert's operetta pattern has one peculiarity: no one can make a book after it with any degree of success except himself.

We all know that his method employs as a premise some cunningly-devised reversal of the natural order of things, and, as a conclusion, a logical working-out of events from this condition. In "Pinafore," for instance, it was a navy in which officers were required to treat the men as equals, and in which rank depended entirely upon birth. In "Iolanthe" it was a delightful intermingling in a matter-of-fact way of the most prosaic Britons with romantic fairies and semi-immortals. No fancy but Mr. Gilbert's could have conceived the unhappy Strephon, a fairy down to the waist, but whose legs were mortal.

In "The Mountebanks," unfortunately, the premise is not a new one. The principal personages of the play drink of a potion which has the power to make each what he pretends to be. One of the results of this is that two who are pretending to be marionettes become real marionettes. This bears a close resemblance in its outcome to some parts of "La Princesse de Trebizonde." However, it gives Mr. Gilbert scope for the display of his remarkably curious kind of wit. The dialogue of the operetta is full of bright things. For instance, the chief of the Tamorras asks one of the young women how she came to fall in love with a certain youth. She replies that she doesn't quite know; it's a way he has with him. Thereupon the Tamorra asks, "Has he got it with him now?" and requests an exhibition of it. The youth says, "It's something like this," and gives what he thinks a killing glance. The Tamorra, looking at the girl with great commiseration, exclaims, "Really, dear, dear! My dear girl."

It must be admitted that the action of the operetta is extremely slow, and there are times when Mr. Gilbert's wit is labored. Yet the literary quality of his book is high, and the libretto displays its author's usual facility in the use of jingling rhymes and pattering rhythms. On the whole, it must be said that the book is decidedly better as a literary than as a dramatic product. Much of the subtlety of the humor is lost in the attempt to project it over that dread chasm which yawns between the footlights and the first row of orchestra stalls.

Perhaps Mr. Cellier's music would well be dismissed with the curt comment that the less said about it the better. It is extremely flaccid and invertebrate. It is sweetly pretty at times, but its sweetness flows with the deadly lack of interest which may be observed in the flow of molasses from a spigot. Moreover, the instrumentation is coarse and ineffective. Still further, as a confession of weakness, some of the singers introduce numbers written for the London production by Mr. Ivan Caryll, and they are worse than Mr. Cellier's. The performance is generally good, the chief praise being due to Louis Harrison, who has made the most artistic success of his career.

Henri Marteau

HENRI MARTEAU, a youthful violinist who has recently arrived in this country, has proved conclusively that he is already an artist of the first rank. M. Marteau is a pupil of Leonard. He plays with a wonderfully clear, noble and vibrant tone, which is at once powerful, refined and of magnetic quality. His intonation is so unflinchingly accurate in the most rapid and involved passages that he fills the hearer's mind with confidence even while he bewilders by the audacity of his *tempi*. His bowing is masterful, and, in short, it may be said that, while yet in his minority, M. Marteau is past master of the technics of violin playing.

But his ability does not stop with mere technical excellence. The most striking feature of his work is its overwhelming dash and vigor. There is a sweeping masculinity in his work that simply carries the listener by storm. Serenity and dignity are not absent from passages which require them, but when the music seeks that kind of utterance which makes one think of the most passionate eloquence of love, then Marteau's impetuosity and the splendid fire of his declamatory style are irresistible.

There is room for improvement in his work in the direction of repose. Yet one fears that in the acquisition of calm self-poise he may lose some of his present spirit, and that would not be "a consummation devoutly to be wished." As he stands now, Marteau has a strong and influential individuality, and his artistic success is assured.

Mr. James and His English Critics

[G. W. S., in the *Tribune*.]

LONDON, December 31.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of a new play by Mr. Henry James elicited a genial hope from some of the English critics that it might be more successful than "The American." Well, "The American," though no true measure of Mr. Henry James's dramatic powers, was not unsuccessful. It ran through a long season in the provinces, where he chose to bring it out first, and then for some fifty or sixty nights in London, acted though it was in a theatre about which hangs the prestige of failure, and by a company including no actor known to the London public. It may nevertheless be admitted that the play obtained less success than it deserved. Whose fault was it?

A failure may be the fault of the author, or of the actors, or of the public, or of no one of these three. It may be produced at the wrong time, and that, I think, explains something in the present case. London was then going through one of its anti-American reactions. There was a social reaction, headed by the British Matron, who had rallied all her cohorts against the American invader. There was a literary reaction, and perhaps I had better say a kind of literary protest against pretty much everything American. It took the form of saying that England and English critics had been too good-natured to the well-meant efforts of their cousins across the water, but that the time had come to tell the truth. It was not Mr. Henry James who felt the force of this storm in the first instance. It broke fiercely about Lowell—Lowell's genius had been overrated, said some of the English writers whom a similar fate had never befallen, nor is likely to befall. Mr. Howells, who had long supplied sport to the feeble and less amiable set of critics in this country, was reviled anew. Everybody whom he had praised was reviled, including the writers of some of the most delightful of modern stories—reviled because Mr. Howells praised them, and because they were women. The catalogue of American offenders would be a long one to complete, and I need not compile a mere list of names which served as targets to these English practitioners with the long bow. Anybody's memory will supply them—you have only to choose what is best to be sure that, at that particular time, it was here confidently set down as the worst, or as among the worst.

Mr. James, who keeps his attention fixed on such matters, was doubtless aware of the state of things, and alive to the risk he ran. He chose to encounter it, and I think he chose wisely. He learned at once the worst that could be said. His critics set no limits to their candor. They did him justice in some respects, and no doubt meant to do him justice in all. But there were two faults which could not be got over. His nationality was American, and his method was French. It is impossible to deny either, and impossible to refute a critic who bases his judgment of things dramatic on these international considerations. Mr. James was condemned; mildly, but condemned. When his new piece is presented these two facts will still be facts, but may be less damning. It may even occur to some dramatic Aristarchus that a nation which borrows most of its successful pieces, directly or indirectly, from the French need not feel bound to reject French methods because they are practised by an American. There are signs, moreover, that the outburst of spleen against American writers has, in a measure,

spent its fury. An American play acted by an American company may even find more favor with an English audience than if the company were English. Mr. James will have taken a new measure of a public still new to him, and, altogether, I see no reason why his coming venture should not find an impartial tribunal; the only one he would care for.

Wilkie Collins on "The Leavenworth Case"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In *The Critic* for January 14th, quotation is made from a recent article in the London *Spectator*, the writer of which has apparently proved, to his own satisfaction at least, "the marked inferiority" of women as writers. *The Spectator* says:—"Speaking tentatively and with no pretence to assurance (for the problem is difficult and obscure), we are disposed to think that the faculties in which women, otherwise intellectual and cultivated, are notably deficient, are imagination and construction."

It may be of interest to the readers of *The Critic* to have placed before them, for consideration in connection with the above rather sweeping conclusion, the following extract from a letter written to myself in 1883 by Wilkie Collins. The author of "The Woman in White" had certainly secured for himself full recognition on the part of the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic as a writer by no means deficient in constructive power or in imagination, and it is, I suppose, fair to assume that he possessed also the capacity for judging such qualities in other writers. Mr. Collins writes:—

"Have I read 'The Leavenworth Case'? I have read it through at one sitting. Need I say after that what I think of it? Yes—because I have a word to add about Miss Green's future work. Her powers of invention are so remarkable—she has so much imagination and so much belief (a most important qualification for our art) in what she writes, that I have nothing to report of myself, so far, but most sincere admiration." (Here followed certain counsels and suggestions for the author's future work.)

"Now, I get out of the pulpit and take my leave in the character of a reader. Dozens of times in reading the story I have stopped to admire the fertility of invention, the delicate treatment of incidents—and the fine perception of the influence of events on the personages of the story. * * * The treatment, in Book III., of Mrs. Belden's character shows such difficulties mastered and such truth and subtlety—it produced, in one word, such a strong impression upon me, that I looked at the chapter for the second time, and the result was renewed appreciation. There, I found my reason for believing that Miss Green has capacities for presenting 'character' which she has not yet sufficiently cultivated. In the meantime, she has my hearty congratulations on what she has already accomplished, and my earnest good wishes for the future. Very truly yours,

WILKIE COLLINS."

Mr. Collins evidently took the ground that literary and artistic productions should be judged for themselves, and without any distinction as to the "age, sex or previous condition of servitude" of the producers. As a publisher, I am myself inclined to contend that this is the only legitimate method of securing an impartial and adequate judgment concerning such productions.

NEW YORK, 18 Jan., 1893.

GEO. HAYEN PUTNAM.

John Fiske on Prof. Freeman

IN THE JANUARY *Atlantic*, Prof. John Fiske has a most interesting and appreciative paper on the late E. A. Freeman, whom he admired as an historian and loved as a friend. Towards the end of his article he says:—

To the faithful students of his works the tidings of Freeman's death must have come like the news of the loss of a personal friend. To those who enjoyed his friendship even in a slight way, the sense of loss was keen, for he was a very lovable man. Some people, indeed, seem to think of him as a gruff and growing pedant, ever on the lookout for some culprit to chastise; but, while not without some basis, this notion is far from the truth. Mr. Freeman's conception of the duty of a historian was a high one, and he lived up to it. He had a holy horror of slovenly and inaccurate work; pretentious scholism was something that he could not endure, and he knew how easy it is to press garbled or misunderstood history into the service of corrupt politics. He found the minds of English-speaking contemporaries full of queer notions of European history, especially in the Middle Ages— notions usually misty and often grotesquely wrong; and he did more than any other Englishman of our time to correct such errors and clear up men's minds. Such work could not be done without attacking blunders and the propagators of blunders. Mr. Freeman's assaults were not infrequent, and they were apt to be crushing; but they were made in the interests of historic truth, and there were none too many of them.

Like "Mr. F.'s aunt," the great historian did "hate a fool"; and it is clearly right that fools should be silenced and made to know their place.

Not only foolishness and inaccuracy did Mr. Freeman hate, but also tyranny, fraud and social injustice, under whatever specious disguises they might be veiled. In matters of right and wrong his perceptions were rarely clouded. He never could be duped into admiring a charlatan like the late Emperor of the French. Upon the Eastern Question he wielded a Varangian axe, and had his advice been heeded, the Commander of the Faithful would ere now have been sent back to Brusa, or beyond. But while in politics and in criticism he could hit hard, his disposition was as tender and humane as Uncle Toby's. Eminently characteristic is the discussion on fox-hunting which he carried on with Anthony Trollope some years ago in *The Fortnightly Review*, in which he condemned that time-honored sport as intolerably cruel.

Mr. Freeman was very domestic in his habits. When not travelling he was to be found in his country home, writing in his own library. When he was in the United States it amused him to see people's surprise when told that he did not live in a city, and did not spend his time deciphering musty manuscripts in public libraries or archives. He used to say that, even in point of economy, he thought it better to dwell among pleasant green fields and consult one's own books than to take long journeys or be stifled in dirty cities in order to consult other people's books.

Mrs. Stowe's Declining Years

[The Boston Herald]

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, who gave to the world "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has reached her eighty-first year in apparently as good physical condition as she was ten years ago. The change more directly affects her mental than her physical constitution.

In pleasant weather she takes a daily walk out of doors, accompanied by Hannah, a faithful attendant who has been with her for years. These walks are confined to the pleasant streets in the vicinity of her residence on Asylum Hill, in Hartford, Conn. Whatever the weather, winter or summer, she rarely fails to visit Mrs. John Hooker, Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, and other ladies in adjoining residences.

Usually she is entertained with singing, of which she is very fond. Mrs. Hooker generally sings the older songs, familiar to Mrs. Stowe in her early days, and preferably familiar hymns. These she seems to enjoy more than anything else. In the selection of the hymns, however, Mrs. Stowe always chooses those of a stirring, lively movement. Anything of a slow, melancholy, or sentimental order fails to interest her.

As one illustration of the peculiarity of her mental powers, Mrs. Hooker cites the critical attention which her sister gives to hymns familiar to her in her early life. A word omitted, or a wrong word used, she notices on the instant, and makes the correction. Certain lines and ideas appear to strongly impress themselves upon her mind, and her comments are at times very striking.

She reads but little in these fading days. Current events have little interest if she cannot, without effort, keep up a connection of ideas. Of the many magazines and papers which come to the house, her choice is a New York illustrated paper published by a relative. This is placed in her hands regularly. The familiar heading gives her pleasure, and she tries to read the paper, but rarely gets beyond an examination of the pictures. Then her mind wanders off to something else.

She is wonderfully happy and cheerful. Of the troubles of life she has no thought, and of physical pain no experience. Relatives and friends endeavor to make as pleasant as possible the pathway which is leading to the end.

Lowell's Interleaved Dictionary

IN *The Independent* of Jan. 19, Col. T. W. Higginson gives an interesting description of Lowell's dictionary, which he had filled with notes and his own illustrations of the use of words. We quote Col. Higginson's comments, but for the notes themselves the reader is referred to *The Independent* :—

"It will always be a subject of regret that Lowell's library could not have been preserved as a whole in his native city. The most valuable part of it, no doubt, is now in the College Library, to which he bequeathed such of his books as it might not already possess; but many of his other treasures were dispersed at public auction, and the fact of this sale was not generally known among his friends and admirers, since his name was not mentioned publicly in connection with it. Many presentation copies from foreign authors were thus scattered; and other books having an individual value through their associations, as, for instance, his copy of Phillis Wheatley's poems, with her autograph. All these, however, were

of less value than the books containing his notes and memoranda. One of these now lies before me, and I wish to rescue for students some of its valuable contents before it is too late.

"It is a copy of Worcester's Dictionary divided into two volumes and interleaved for Lowell's use. It bears his autograph with the date Elmwood, Nov. 24th, 1847, Lowell being then twenty-eight years old. It was sold at Libbie's auction-room for a trifle to a dealer; although the Cambridge Public Library, had it known of the sale, would gladly have paid for the book ten or even twenty times what it brought, in order to preserve it with other memorials of Lowell. The poet evidently intended to make the book the depository of his notes on language, but for some reason abandoned the purpose, though there are enough of his memoranda in it to show his habits of mind, his accurate observation, and his curious felicity of comparison and conjecture."

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

MR. WILLIAM A. COFFIN's picture, "The Rain," in the Metropolitan Museum, would be sufficient of itself to show that he is a refined and careful observer of nature. A similar, though smaller, picture at the Avery Galleries is better yet in its excellent rendering of gloomy atmosphere and drenched, gray landscape. There is, of course, little color in such a picture. But in "Dawn" there is a fine, pearly sky, and both sky and water in his painting of a "New London Lighthouse" are alive with delicate tones of gray. His feeling for quality of color seems, as yet, to be a hindrance to him when he essays such subjects as his "Autumn Afternoon"; but there is about the majority of his paintings so much evidence of capacity that we are led to expect much stronger work from him in the future. The pictures named above would do credit to any living painter of landscape.

—Owing to a mistake in measurements, Mr. Will Low's canvas for the ceiling of the Hotel Waldorf was painted twelve inches too large around its whole length. In cutting it down to its proper size some of the figures will have to suffer. Mr. Low's Christian name, by the way, is not William, as people who wish to be particular insist upon writing it; it is Will, and nothing more, his parents having given him the surname of a family friend.

—More portraits of Tennyson and two caricatures from *Punch*, in which he is grouped with Gladstone, appear in the February *Magazine of Art*. A sonnet by Swinburne, "January," is framed in an interesting drawing by W. E. F. Britten. An article on Burne-Jones is illustrated with half-tone engravings after three of his works. The frontispiece is an etching of a Venetian moonlight scene, "After the Festa," from a painting by David Law; and there is a full-page woodcut after a Pompeian subject by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.H., of girls playing knuckle-bones on a mosaic pavement by a fountain. "When the World was Young," the first of a series of illustrated articles on "Design," by Walter Crane, is published in this number.

—Among recent bits of news that Mrs. Van Rensselaer has picked up is the fact that Mr. Brush's beautiful "Mother and Child," which she described some weeks ago, and which has more recently been shown at the monthly exhibition of the Union League Club, has been purchased by Mr. Montgomery Sears of Boston, who also owns Mr. Thayer's big "Madonna Enthroned," which attracted so much attention at last year's exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and which was reproduced in the *January Century*.

—Apropos of Mr. Alfred Parsons, who has just sailed from New York for England, the *St. James's Budget* says that the Japan papers just to hand devote several columns to most laudatory notices of Mr. Alfred Parsons's drawings, upon which he has been engaged in that country for some eight months past. "It appears that he has now arrived at the end of his labors upon the spot, and prior to leaving for England, *via* America, has had an informal exhibition of them at Tokio, which almost all the foreign community attended, but, unfortunately, very few of the natives. The show is spoken of as an unprecedented treat, which we can well believe." *The St. James's* is very much afraid that some rich and appreciative American will buy these paintings (there are over a hundred of them) before Mr. Parsons reaches London.

Current Criticism

THE PENALTY OF FAME.—To be a person of light and leading is to sit in the anxious seat, a butt for most impertinent inquiry. There is a public which is interested in you because you have done something, or been somewhere, or are somebody; and, being interested, it loves to know what you do, or do not, think about anything that may happen to be in the air. What, for instance, is your idea of the Hundred Best Cooks? or, Do you prefer the art of Miss

Lottie Collins to the art of Miss Marie Lloyd? or, Where do you think Mr. Gladstone will go to when he dies? or, Do you think it right of Mr. Victor Horsley to call Miss Cobbe a liar? It matters not that on all these points you are as one from the darkest part of Darkest England: you are a person of light and leading, and that is enough. The inquirer inquires; your speculations are set forth in print, and the good public reads them, and forgets, and is content. It has had, so to speak, "a bloater fer tea"; and there is an end of the matter.—*The National Observer*.

Notes

IN VIEW of the expiration of copyright on the first edition of D. G. Mitchell's "Reveries of a Bachelor," the Messrs. Scribner announce for immediate issue, in uniform style, from new plates, author's complete editions of the "Reveries" and "Dream Life," at 30 cts. each. Portions of the "Reveries" are still protected by copyright, and the copyright on "Dream Life" will not expire until 1894.

—Dr. Edward Everett Hale is to follow up his "New England Boyhood" in *The Atlantic* with a series of papers on his college days.

—Lowell's Life is to be written for the American Men-of-Letters Series by Prof. George E. Woodberry—the most competent writer that could have been chosen for the difficult yet pleasant task. Mr. Edward Cary of the *Times* is to be the biographer of George William Curtis in the same series.

—Mr. Henry L. Nelson is writing the leading editorials in *Harper's Weekly*.

—*Harper's Magazine* for March will contain an article on "Official Society at Washington," by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, who speaks by the card, having spent some time in that city as private secretary to the Hon. J. G. Carlisle. In the same number Mr. Henry M. Stanley will have an article on "The African Slave Trade." Apropos of the Dark Continent, a new African traveller from America, William Astor Chanler, will be the subject of a brief sketch in this number, by Mr. Richard Harding Davis—"a study of peculiar interest from a social point of view"—accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Chanler.

—A dinner, at which thirty guests sat down, was given by Mr. J. Henry Harper and others of the Harper firm at the Union League Club on Friday of last week, as a *bon voyage* to Mr. Alfred Parsons and Mr. Richard Harding Davis. The latter has gone for a trip "way down in Egypt land" in the interest of *Harper's Weekly*.

—Mr. Andrew Lang has a volume of Homeric essays nearly ready at the Messrs. Longman's. A volume of verses by Mr. W. H. Mallock is now in the press.

—The Century Co. will soon issue a second edition of Mr. R. U. Johnson's book of verse, "The Winter Hour and Other Poems," Mr. C. C. Buel will contribute to the Midwinter *Century* some "Preliminary Glimpses of the Fair"; and in the same number Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer will take a new departure by printing a bit of fiction—a story of low life in New York, called "The Lustigs."

—A volume containing the complete works of Emily Brontë will be issued in the "Bookman's Library" in the spring. The poems will appear in the order in which they were written in the MS. book of verse.

—His many admirers in this country will learn with regret that it has been found necessary to shut up the celebrated pianist Hans von Bülow in a lunatic asylum at Pankow, in the environs of Berlin. For some time past Dr. von Bülow had shown signs of mental derangement. The last time he was in this country he was thought to be decidedly eccentric.

—Says Mrs. Amelia E. Barr in the January *North American*:—"If some good and thoughtful woman who died fifty years ago could return to this world, what in our present life would most astonish her? Would it be the wonders of steam, electricity, and science; the tyranny of the working classes, or the autocracy of servants? No! It would be the amazing development of her own sex—the preaching, lecturing, political women; the women who are doctors and lawyers; who lose and win money on horses, or in stocks and real estate; the women who talk slang, and think it an accomplishment; who imitate men's attire and manners; who do their athletic exercises in public; and, perhaps more astonishing than all, the women who make marriage the cloak for much profitable post-nuptial flirtation."

—An autobiography of Audubon, the naturalist, recently discovered by one of his descendants, will be published in the February *Scribner's*, with illustrations. It is said to be as full of romance and adventure as if it were pure fiction instead of being a true story.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. announce for publication next week the tenth volume of the new "Chambers's Encyclopædia," completing

the edition. When the immense amount of labor connected with publishing a work of this character is taken into consideration, the time (two years) that has intervened between the appearance of the first and last volumes has been remarkably short. This new-old encyclopædia is worth at least \$2 a volume more than the price asked for it.

—*The National Magazine*, formerly *The Magazine of Western History*, is to be consolidated with *The Magazine of American History*, of which the late Mrs. Martha J. Lamb was editor. The name of the latter magazine will be retained, but the publisher will be the National History Co., which already publishes the former periodical.

—The report that Robert Louis Stevenson is dying, which has been attributed to Mr. Leigh Lynch, Samoan Commissioner to the World's Fair, who arrived in San Francisco on Jan. 19, is confidently denied by the novelist's friends in England, and by his American publishers, the Messrs. Scribner.

—"With regard to Albert Delpit," cables "G. W. S." from Paris to the *Tribune*, "if the report current on the boulevards is to be believed, his death is due to the abuse of morphine. He never recovered from the failure of the dramatization of one of his works, entitled "Passionement," which was put on the stage a couple of years ago at the Odéon. Extremely sensitive and accustomed to success, failure appeared to affect his mind. He saw therein disgrace, a sentiment which deprived him of sleep, and seemed to paralyze all his mental activity. With a view of combating these feelings, he took to the use of morphine—a drug which gradually assumed such a hold over him that neither the efforts of his friends nor the watchful care of physicians and specialists were able to cure him of the taste."

—"The announcement of Bishop Brooks's death," says the *London Times*, "will be read with deep regret in the wide circle of his friends in England. Since the death of Beecher he has held unchallenged the title of the most popular preacher in America."

—A son of Michael Balfe, the composer of "The Bohemian Girl" and other popular English operas, is an inmate of the Field-Lane Refuge in London. An effort is being made by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Augustus Harris, Col. J. H. Mapleson, Surgeon-General Scanlan, Mr. F. H. Cowen, Mr. G. A. Sala and Mr. Sutherland Edwards to get him out and raise a fund for his support. It is said that the publishers of "The Bohemian Girl" made 8000*l.* profit out of "When Other Lips"; that a similar sum was the profit on "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and that 5000*l.* accrued from "The Heart Bow'd Down"; and yet the composer did not make enough money to leave his son a competency.

—*The St. James's Budget* suggests that now, while the celebration of literary centennials is in order, it might be well to celebrate the birth of Izaak Walton this year with a fish dinner.

—Mr. Marion Crawford is quoted as saying of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's familiarity with Indian life:—"It seems to me we might all leave this field to him. He knows India as no one else knows it, and no one else can picture it so perfectly as he."

—Mr. John S. Kennedy, who recently sent to the British Museum experts for examination the entire collection of manuscripts of Scott, Burns and others which he had presented to the Lenox Library, said to a *Tribune* reporter, the other day, that he had as yet received no report. The manuscripts were purchased for Mr. Kennedy by his agent in 1890, from James Stillie, a well-known collector of Edinburgh. The manuscripts were passed upon by experts before Mr. Kennedy purchased them, but in view of the forgeries of a man named Smith, he wished to submit them to the highest authority. They left New York on the Gallia on Dec. 24 last. Mr. Kennedy expects to hear the judgment of the experts within a few days. A recent telegram announced that all but one of the 150 had been declared forgeries.

—Mr. Wm. E. Baldwin, who has contributed to *The New England Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The North American Review* and other periodicals, has come to New York from Massachusetts to be the assistant editor of *Outing*. He is only twenty-one years of age.

—There is an interesting note on Mr. William Watson in *The Academy* of Jan. 14, to the effect that two or three books of his may shortly be expected—a new edition of "The Prince's Quest"; a collection of prose, mostly literary criticisms contributed to *The National Review*; and perhaps a poem of some length, entitled "The Eloping Angels," which he wrote about two months ago.

—Fanny Kemble was buried last week in Kensal Green, not far from the grave of her father, Charles Kemble, who has rested there these thirty years. Among the small group of mourners was Mr. Henry James. For London at this season of the year the day was rarely fine, and the scene was impressive from its simplicity and

genuine sorrow. "Among other attractions," cables "H. W. L." to the *Tribune*, "Fanny Kemble was, almost up to the last, one of the best conversationalists I ever met, almost equalling that other youth of eighty-three now preparing for a great Parliamentary campaign. In her talk she passed from grave to gay, from a pathos to which her rich voice lent itself, to a vein of mirth wherein the pathos still lingered. She was a glorious woman, true to the core, holding no middle course herself, and scornful of others prone to face both ways. Her temper was hot and easily kindled. When the storm had passed she was almost comically grieved. It was apologetically said of her by one of her friends that she always made up for her wrath by the wealth of her repentance. 'Yes,' said another; 'but if I had my choice, I would rather have her in her tantrums than in her reconciliations. The latter are too tremendous.'"

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question, for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1691.—Is the original MS. or the first edition published of Lord Byron's "Cain" still preserved? If so, where may it be found?
BALTIMORE, MD. S F. M. H.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Arnold, E. *Adriana*. \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Balsie, H. de. *Lost Allusions*. Tr. by K. P. Wormeley. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Beet, J. A. *Through Christ to God*. Hunt & Eaton.
Brett, R. B. *Footprints of Statesmen*. \$1.75. Macmillan & Co.
Biographies of Eminent Persons. Vol. I. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Briggs, C. A. *The Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch*. \$1.75. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Botume, E. H. *First Days amongst the Contrabands*. \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Carpenter, E. *From Adam's Peak to Elephanta*. \$3.50. Macmillan & Co.
Chambers, C. H. *Thumb-Nail Sketches of Australian Life*. \$1. Tait, Sons & Co.
Campbell, H. *In Foreign Kitchens*. 50c. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Carlyle, T. *The Diamond Necklace*. Ed. by W. F. Mosier. 42c. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

Champneys, A. C. *History of English*. \$1.25.
Clarke, J. I. C. *Malmorda*. 75c.
Cobleigh, T. *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter*. 50c.
Duffy, B. *The Tuscan Republic*. \$1.50.
Emblem, L. von. *Family Life of Heinrich Heine*. Tr. by C. De Kay. \$1.50. Cassell Pub. Co.
Ellsworth, L. C. *Furona Amati*. \$1.
Fletcher, W. I. *The "A. L. A." Index*. \$1.
Gratry, A. *Guide to the Knowledge of God*. Tr. by A. L. Alger. \$1.
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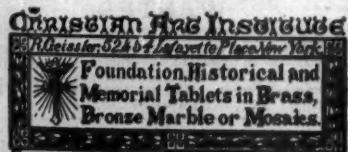
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